

75 CENTS

FEBRUARY 24, 1975

TIME

Hockey

War on Ice

Philadelphia's
Bernie Parent



And as they rode off into the sunset, the prince promised her his love, his riches and his castle in the clouds if only she would be his. She agreed. Later, after the wedding, they discussed the running of the kingdom. "The King, my father, is old and my blessed mother, the Queen, has long been gone and the castle is in terrible disarray," explained the Prince. "It needs the hand of a fine woman like yourself to straighten its many rooms and dust its many nooks and light its many fires and clean its many chimneys and sweep its many corridors and feed its many occupants and visitors. Then, we shall have many sons so that they may run the kingdom long after I am gone. I can only hope that when they come of age, they will be as lucky as I in finding a good wife." And with that, they kissed *and the Prince lived happily ever after.*

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VEGA ESTATE

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VEGA ESTATE

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Vega wagon is a nice choice for economy car shoppers who aren't sure a small sedan will do.

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*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Prices, including available 140-2 engine at \$50.00 and dealer new vehicle preparation charge. Destination charges, state and local taxes are additional.

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Published EPA figures for a Vega wagon with available four-cylinder, 140-cubic-inch

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Based on EPA figures, no U.S. wagon gets better mileage.

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costs will vary throughout the country, we've used current list prices for parts and a figure of \$11 an hour for labor and found that a '75 Vega wagon using unleaded fuel could save about \$243 in parts, lubricants and labor over the '74 model with leaded fuel (if you follow the

Maintenance savings up to \$243.

Owner's Manual for recommended service).

There's plenty of choice in Vega.

It's definitely no take-it-or-leave-it wagon. To the basic Vega wagon you can add an available GT package with sport suspension, and sporty accessories. The Vega Estate, our "Little

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Each version has seats for four plus room for cargo in back.

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CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA

Chevrolet



ROSENSTEIN & TAUBMAN

BOB LEWIS INTERVIEWING PARENT

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

CLEVELAND 105, PHILADELPHIA 102; STEELERS BLAST BILLS; SEAVER HURLS TWO-HITTER—such is the stuff of which basic sports reporting is made. As a weekly newsmagazine, however, TIME has never wanted to deliver to its readers a day-by-day account of what TV calls "the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat." Rather, as Sport Writer Philip Taubman puts it, "our contribution can be to go into stories with more depth or come at them from another direction." So it is with Taubman's cover story this week on Goalie Bernie Parent of the Philadelphia Flyers, whose very special, harrowing job is examined as part of a long look at the often violent world of professional hockey. "The idea," says Taubman, "is to get behind that fiber-glass mask and find out what makes a man like Bernie tick."

To help Taubman find that out, we sent Toronto Bureau Chief Robert Lewis to cover Parent and his teammates on the road in Minneapolis, St. Louis and Philadelphia. Lewis and the Flyers quickly found a common ground. Like many of them, he began skating at the age of five in rural Waterloo, Quebec, and later played in a youth league. He turned to wordier pursuits when he proved too slow, small and contentious—he was a regular denizen of the penalty box—to continue in the sport. All the same, in the course of eight hours of interviews, Parent confided to Lewis various anxieties and ruminations that one might not expect of a hardened athlete.

Reporter-Researcher Jay Rosenstein checked Taubman's manuscript and also weighed in with files on the boom in amateur hockey. Witnessing a Mites session in Rockland County, N.Y., Rosenstein was amazed to see six-year-old skaters wield a stick as surely as a crayon. Brooklyn-reared Rosenstein never played hockey as a boy; instead, he settled for watching the New York Rangers from cut-rate seats in the stratosphere of Madison Square Garden. Writer Taubman, though a seasoned Central Park skater and sometime impromptu stickman, claims he "really learned the game" from none other than Robert Lewis. Seems that when they were both correspondents at TIME's Boston bureau from 1970 to 1972, Lewis brought a table-hockey game to town and spent countless hours trouncing his American-born colleagues.

Ralph P. Davidson

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Question

How Do I Sponsor A Child?

Answer

Here's What You Do:

- Fill out your name and address on the coupon.
- Indicate your preference of boy or girl, and country, or:
- Check the box marked "Choose any child who needs my help."
- Enclose your first monthly check.

And here are answers to some other questions you may have:

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child?

A. Only \$15 per month, tax deductible.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of the child?

A. Yes, along with information about the child, and a description of the Home or Project where the child receives assistance.

Q. How long before I learn about the child?

A. About two weeks.

Q. May I write to the child?

A. Yes. You will receive the child's original letter and an English translation, direct from the Home or Project. (Staff workers help children unable to write.)

Q. Why does CCF use a sponsorship plan?

A. To provide children with long-term, person-to-person relationships.

Q. What does the child receive because of my sponsorship?

A. This depends on the Project. You will receive detailed information. In general, CCF adds supplements other resources to help provide clothing, shelter, health care, spiritual guidance, education, school supplies, food—and love.

Q. May I send an extra gift?

A. Yes, if you wish to send \$5 or \$10 for a Christmas or birthday present, the entire amount is forwarded, and the money is used according to your instructions. You will receive a "thank you" letter from the child.

Q. How often will the child write me?

A. This depends on how often you write. Children are not natural born letter writers! So it is up to the sponsor to initiate. Instructions how to correspond with the child will be sent to you.

Q. May groups sponsor a child?

A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups sponsor children.

Q. Is a financial statement available?

A. Yes, upon your request and we will be glad to answer any questions about how your gifts are used.

Q. What types of Projects does CCF assist?

A. Children's Homes and Family Helper Projects, plus homes for the blind, homes for abandoned babies, day care nurseries, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas?

A. Regional offices are staffed with nationals and Americans, and all personnel must meet professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.



Q. Is CCF independent?

A. Yes, working closely with missionaries, welfare agencies, and foreign governments, helping youngsters regardless of race or creed.

Q. Is CCF a member of any child welfare agency?

A. Yes. CCF is a member of the International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva.

Won't you sponsor a child? Thanks so much! Sponsors are needed right now for children in Brazil, India, Guatemala and Indonesia.

Write today: Verent J. Mills
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

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☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay \$15 a month. I enclose first payment of \$____. Send me child's name, mailing address and picture.

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☐ Please send me more information.

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Address _____

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State _____

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Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto, 7.

T11520

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The leading antacid roll tablet may be giving you more than half your daily sodium allowance. Here's what to do!

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Pick up some Bisodol Tablets today. Remember—Bisodol Tablets are low in sodium... high in acid-absorbing power.

CINEMA

Blow Dry

SHAMPOO

Directed by HAL ASHBY

Screenplay by ROBERT TOWNE and WARREN BEATTY

Shampoo is a problem. At its best moments it is crafty, funny and high-spirited, but sometimes—even simultaneously—it is wormy and disingenuous. Just when a hard edge is crucial, the people who made it fall away from their best instincts and strongest insights into gross sentimentality.

Warren Beatty, who produced *Shampoo* and took a strong hand in the script, appears as a satyr—if not entirely satiric—Beverly Hills hairdresser



CHRISTIE & BEATTY IN *SHAMPOO*
Dubious desolation.

named George, whose specialty is a nifty cut and a fast bedding for selected clients. George has a lot of energy, most of it focused on sex. He displays a kind of surface tenderness toward his women, although what undoubtedly makes him so successful in his conquests is that he looks like Warren Beatty. The movie might even be titled *Advertisements for Myself*. In any event, *Shampoo* concerns the day (election evening of 1968, to be precise) when George's little kingdom comes crashing down round his shag.

The film's form is fast bedroom farce. George's women swirl in and out of the shop where he works as resident genius and prima donna, in and out of the addled life he can barely control. Jackie (Julie Christie), a former girl friend, is currently the mistress of Lester (Jack Warden), an investor whom George hopes to hit for money to open his own shop. Meanwhile, George is conducting a fairly frenzied dalliance with

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No matter how good your reflexes are, you have to rely on your car's reactions. And when it comes to avoiding accidents, Volvo thinks you can't go too far.

VOLVO
The car for people who think.



CINEMA

Lester's wife Felicia (Lee Grant). His more or less regular girl of the moment, a model named Jill (Goldie Hawn), just tries to get a moment of his time. As the genre requires, all furtive alliances are exposed and prices are paid.

Sardonic Metaphor. That is just the trouble. As played, deftly, by Beaty, George is an affable con man who goes no deeper than his own hypocrisy. The reason, presumably, for setting the movie in 1968 is to groom George, the last shabby survivor of the age of grooviness, into a sardonic metaphor. There are many references to the Nixon election, and at times the movie appears to be attempting a delineation of the moral neutrality that could produce a Nixon and a Watergate.

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To keep such an ambition from being more than facile presumption, Beaty and his co-writer Robert Towne (*Chinatown*) and Director Hal Ashby (*The Last Detail*) would have needed all their wit about them. All through the movie, though, their attitude toward George wavers. When he bemoans to Jill the general poverty of his life, it sounds like just another of his ploys to mollify an anxious, angry woman. But the end of *Shampoo* subverts what has gone before. George discovers that Jackie is his one true love and he blubbers out a proposal—marriage, kids, the whole number—that reveals him as more sensitive than he ever could, or should, be. Jackie turns him down and departs for Acapulco with her rich investor. George is left on a small canyon hilltop with a beautifully sad Paul Simon melody underscoring his dubious desolation, inviting sympathy at what should have been the richest joke of all.

The ending is a betrayal of all that is best in the film, revealing that the film makers have been interested in apologizing for George, not satirizing him. Still, much of *Shampoo* is good enough to make one regret its ultimate failure. The overpriced lassitude of Southern California living is well caught. Much of the dialogue has a keen edge ("I've been cutting too much hair lately," George rues at one point. "I'm losing all my concept"). The acting—es-

pecially Grant and Warden and Carrie Fisher, who appears as their nubile daughter—is well observed and sprightly. But *Shampoo* wants it both ways. It wants a few laughs off George and wants, too, to bare his sensitive, desperate soul. It turns out that he is a figure looking for pity, and it hardly seems worth it.

• Joy Cocks

High-Wire Melodrama

LA RUPTURE

Directed and Written

by CLAUDE CHABROL

In a movie by Claude Chabrol, evil is never discreet or dispassionate. Once his characters opt for bad behavior, it instantly becomes an obsessive preoccupation. They become positively fussy as they pat into place and hover anxiously over the development of plots against virtue and propriety that are self-satirical as well as self-defeating in their loony complexity. As a result, Chabrol's tragedies and near-tragedies almost always teeter on the edge of farce. In his best work, there is something of the fascination of a high-wire act.

Chabrol is close to his best in *La Rupture*, a story so maniacally convoluted as to defy description, but totally absorbing. Basically it is about a strong, simple, good young housewife (Stephane Audran) whose husband has for no good

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Meet your TIME Magazine Quality Dealer Award Winners from this part of the country

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TIME is proud to give these outstanding businessmen the recognition they've earned, and delighted to be working in close association with the automotive industry. We are looking forward to continuing cooperation with the National Automobile Dealers Association in furthering this important program.



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PUBLIC NOTICE

Coming your way... TIME's issue of July 4, 1776



THE ENEMY is off Manhattan. The British seize Staten Island and prepare to invade the mainland. Near Wall Street, frenzied New Yorkers tear down George III's statue. And a delegate from Delaware gallops 80 miles through thunderstorms to Philadelphia to help make the Declaration of Independence unanimous.

These were some of the top stories in the first week of July 1776. They will also be among the top stories in a very unusual issue of TIME. In a special issue this spring to commemorate the Bicentennial, TIME will cover the events of that week, department by department, as if today's TIME had existed then.

NATION will report on Thomas Jefferson and the Declaration, as World examines European reaction to the Revolution.

BUSINESS is scheduled to report on colonial inflation, and The Sexes on whether women should vote. Books will review Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, while Music looks at the maturing Mozart. And there will be much, much more.

CERTAINLY this issue will become a collectors' item and a sell-out at newsstands. It will be sent to each active TIME subscriber at the time of publication. So if your subscription is about to run out, and you want to receive this special issue, make sure your renewal reaches us before April 25, 1975. If you're not already a TIME subscriber, call before April 25 to enter your subscription.

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TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine

CINEMA

reason turned to drugs and violence. After one of his rages puts their son in the hospital, she is determined to divorce him. But his very rich, authoritatively lunatic father is equally determined that she will not obtain custody of the child. The old man hires a shifty young man (Jean-Pierre Cassel) either to discover or to invent evidence of moral turpitude that would cause a court to refuse the mother custody of her son.

Moral Struggles. This scheme is as wild as any ever manufactured by a Victorian theatrical melodramatist and if Chabrol's plot reminds us of antique theatrical forms, so do his characters. They seem to exist mainly to demonstrate how—caught up in our own preoccupations and bemused by the ambiguities and polite deceptions of modern behavior—we miss the moral struggles going on around us.

It is Chabrol's self-appointed mission to heighten our awareness of these struggles by presenting them in an admittedly exaggerated, stylized manner, a manner that deliberately jars against his utterly realistic *mise-en-scène*. There are moments in his movies in which belief in what one is seeing threatens to dissolve into laughter, but there are many more in which we are shocked into a new awareness that beneath the surface of ordinary-looking lives, high dramas of genuine moral dimensions are being played out.

■ Richard Schickel

Police Brutality

REPORT TO THE COMMISSIONER
Directed by MILTON KATSELAS
Screenplay by ABBY MANN
and ERNEST TIJDMAN

Among abundant absurdities, this film boasts two of the least likely chase scenes in screen history. One would have done nicely, but *Report to the Commissioner* is out to break records, not always deliberately. The first pursuit takes place down Broadway and adjacent side streets when one of New York's small army of street grotesques takes off after a taxicab. This particular fellow has no legs. He has to barrel through traffic on his little wheeled platform, propelling himself with his hands and hitching onto the rear bumpers of other vehicles for extra speed. The whole notion for such a sequence would seem like the creation of some furiously cynical screenwriter sneaking a practical joke over on his producer. The credit, however, must go to James Mills, author of the bestselling novel from which this movie has been extracted who actually used this scene as a centerpiece.

The second chase takes place along assorted rooftops and streets in midtown Manhattan. It features the spectacle of a bad guy (Tony King) bounding across the hoods of traffic-stalled taxicabs clad only in his trim-line boxer shorts. Even in New York City, this creates some bad thinking of a stir, especially since the bad

The Great New Jersey Forest? You must be kidding.

If you think of New Jersey as being pretty well paved over, it's easy to understand.

After all, it's the most densely populated state in the Union.

Yet more than half of New Jersey is forest: Almost 2.5 million acres of trees.

If you would have guessed otherwise, you're not alone. Our surveys show most people think:

- The American Forest is out West somewhere. (*It isn't — well over half is east of the Mississippi.*)
- The forest industry owns most U.S. timberland. (*No. Industry owns only 13% of the commercial forest*. Government owns more than twice as much commercial forestland. And private individuals own four times as much.*)
- We're running out of trees. (*Not so. We're actually gaining a little. We grow more new wood each year than we cut.*)



- It takes centuries to grow a usable tree. (*Not anymore. Some trees planted in 1950 are producing lumber and paper products today.*)

Misconceptions about forests can be a lot more serious than guessing games. Because our way of life depends on our forests — for wood and wood fiber, for wildlife and for human recreation.

So the forests of America — including that big one in New Jersey — are your business as well as ours.

By far the most productive portion of commercial forestland is

owned by private industry. This land produces almost a third of all wood and wood fiber.

And most certainly the forest industry has no intention of killing the goose.

After all, it's our business, and we accept the responsibility of managing our land and trees as fairly and efficiently as possible. For everyone.

We'd be pleased to send you a handy 16-page booklet that provides some interesting facts about your forest.

Write George Cheek, Executive Vice President, American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 38, Riverdale, Maryland 20840.



Trees. The renewable resource.

*Commercial forest is described as that portion of the total forest which is capable and available for growing trees for harvest. Parks, Wilderness and Primitive Areas are not included.

Lowest priced car in America. \$2711*



All New '75 Toyota Corolla 2-Door Sedan.

Compare what Toyota gives you at no extra cost.

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| 1. Power front disc brakes | 18. Curved side windows | 32. Molded headlining |
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| 3. Hi-back reclining bucket seats | 20. Five main-bearing crankshaft | 34. 6 months/6500 miles service interval |
| 4. 1.6 liter OHV hemi-head engine | 21. Anti-freeze | 35. 12 months/12,500 miles new car warranty |
| 5. Rear window defogger | 22. Energy-locking seat belt retractors | 36. Pre-delivery service |
| 6. Vinyl interior | 23. MacPherson-strut front suspension | Plus these standard safety equipment items: |
| 7. Cigarette lighter | 24. Front and rear ash trays | 37. Steel reinforced doors |
| 8. Whitewall tires | 25. Inside hood release | 38. Steering column lock |
| 9. Back windows that really open | 26. Heavy duty fresh air heater and ventilator | 39. 2-speed electric windshield wipers/washer |
| 10. Lockable gas cap | 27. Passenger assist grip | 40. Padded dash and visors |
| 11. Transistorized ignition | 28. 3-position dome light | 41. Recoverable shock absorbing bumpers |
| 12. Color-keyed interior | 29. Reversible keys | 42. 4-way hazard warning lights |
| 13. Glove box | 30. Dual horns | |
| 14. Flo-thru ventilation | 31. Aluminized muffler and exhaust pipe | |
| 15. Bumper guards | | |
| 16. Bright trim | | |
| 17. Recessed, covered spare tire | | |

Compare how much there is to the new Corolla 2-door sedan. Your Toyota Dealer has a FREE booklet you can pick up. The Small Car Bargain Hunter's Guide. It compares Toyota to other popular small cars, and it was prepared for Toyota by the editors of Road & Track magazine.



See how much car your money can buy. Now!

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Small car specialists for over 40 years.

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Sunshine costs less in Southern California

DISNEYLAND, DISNEY PARKS SEE THE U.S.A. PARK



DISNEY PARKS, DISNEY PARKS



DISNEY PARKS, DISNEY PARKS



L.A. TIMES, BASKETBALL, PHOTOGRAPHY MUSEUM

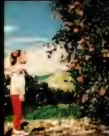
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The sun shines 350 days every year. On golden beaches, blue Pacific waters, warm deserts and close-by mountains. All yours—free. Hotels? Restaurants? Choose from hundreds, from plush to plain. You won't believe the low rates. (Because our "season" lasts all year we don't have to make a killing in three months.) And there are more things to see and do than any other place on earth. Come out of the cold to where the sun spends the winter.

Free Vacation Kit. Write for your copy to:

Southern California Visitors Council

ROOMED, 100 WEST SEVENTH STREET LOS ANGELES 14, CALIF. OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Steal me. Burn me. Throw me away. I'm still yours.



Once you bring me home,
I'm yours forever.

Even if I'm burned. Or
lost. Or stolen.

If you look for me and
can't find me, just report it.
And you'll get me back, as
good as new.

And remember: I'll never
break your heart. Or
leave you stranded in the
tight spots.

I'll always be there when
you need me.

And that ought to make
you feel pretty secure.

Now E Bonds pay 8% interest when held to maturity of 5 years (4% the first year). Bonds are replaced if lost, stolen or destroyed. When needed, they can be cashed at your bank. Interest is not subject to state or local income taxes, and federal tax may be deferred until redemption.



Take stock in America.

Join the Payroll Savings Plan.



CINEMA

guy, who is black, is being pursued by a white good guy (Michael Moriarty), and both of them are armed. Hunter and hunted end up holding each other at bay in an elevator at Saks Fifth Avenue that has stopped between floors. While the cops surround the place, the good guy and the bad guy sweat it out, afraid equally of dying and of approaching the destiny of metaphorical brotherhood between races that the scenarists have laid out for them.

The movie is mostly about the corruption of a good young cop: how his idealism is twisted and turned against him. Done with the sort of street intelligence apparently alien to everyone involved with *Report to the Commissioner*, such a theme could have made a strong movie. As played—badly—by Michael Moriarty, Beauregard ("Bo") Lockley is less a cop of high principle than one of low



MORIARTY GOING BERSERK IN *REPORT*
Sad-sack flatfoot.

IQ. With no perceptible help from Director Milton Katselas (*Forty Candles*), Moriarty cooks up a caricature of a sad-sack flatfoot, slow on the draw and even slower on wit. Although excuses are supplied for his presence on the force—his father was a cop, but standards have slipped since the old days—Moriarty overplays Bo so desperately that it seems unlikely he could have remained a policeman even in the worst of times.

There is a good, nasty performance by Hector Elizondo as an ambitious police captain, a characterization richer than this movie knows how to use. A great deal of time is also spent on the exploits of an undercover woman called Patty Butler, for no other reason than to tie a couple of knots in the plot. She is played by a model-turned-actress named Susan Blakely, who should not be encouraged. ■ J.C.



PALL MALL EXTRA MILD
45% LESS
'TAR'
than the best-selling
filter king

According to latest U. S. Government Report

Only 10 mg. 'tar' with famous Pall Mall flavor

PALL MALL EXTRA MILD... "tar" 10 mg.—nicotine, 0.7 mg.
Best-selling filter king... "tar" 19 mg.—nicotine, 1.3 mg.
Of all brands, lowest... "tar" 2 mg.—nicotine, 0.2 mg.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

AMERICAN NOTES

Electoral Fumbling

A welcome outcome of the Watergate scandal was the creation by Congress of a Federal Election Commission. The six full-time commissioners, at salaries of \$38,000 a year, would be charged with the administration of the 1974 federal campaign-finance law. The measure puts strict limits on presidential campaign gifts and provides for public financing (through funds collected from taxpayers) of presidential campaigns. Though some experts fear the public-financing provision may be unconstitutional, the law's passage was hailed as a landmark in political reform, and the elections commission was due to begin its work on Jan. 1, 1975.

The commission has not even been formed yet. President Ford, who must nominate two of the six full-time members, has still not submitted any names to Congress. The House and Senate have done their part by each nominating a Democrat and a Republican. However, all four notably lack national stature and expert knowledge of electoral practices.

To date, four Democratic presidential hopefuls have announced their candidacies; yet there is no agency in place to respond to their queries about complex election regulations. A recent seminar on Capitol Hill generated 40 questions on the new law, and there is no commission to answer them. Says Fred Wertheimer of Common Cause: "If you get first-rate commissioners and a first-rate professional staff, then you're going to have the law enforced. If you don't, you're going to get a series of scandals down the road."

Alternate Service

The five well-tailored defendants rose for sentencing in the U.S. District Court of Judge Carl Muecke in Phoenix, Ariz. All executives of large milk companies, the five had pleaded *nolo contendere* to charges of price fixing dating back to 1966. Muecke indicated that he would exact fines on each of as high as \$4,000 and impose jail sentences of up to 45 days. Instead, Muecke was taking his cue, he said, from the ancestral Indian practice of demanding reparations for a crime, as well as from the Anglo-Saxon concept of *wergild* ("mangold"), which translates roughly as payment or satisfaction. "Any fine I would levy would go to the Government, and that would be like spitting in a blast fur-

nace," went Muecke's tart reasoning.

Thus he gave the men the alternative of serving 45 days working for community agencies that provide help for the needy. He ordered each man to donate the fine that could be imposed on him to the charitable organizations, and asked the dairy companies the men worked for to do the same with their \$175,000 in fines. "I always look for the constructive alternative," Muecke explained. "Except for the real tough guys, prisons don't do any good."

No News Is Good News

Recession? Depression? Yes, we have one every day for one hour ... But all the other hours of the day things are just great here in Wichita. We ... believe the best way to keep on top is to accentuate the positive and minimize the negative ... a continuing bright outlook will keep it that way.

The advertisement by a men's store in the Wichita newspapers was arresting, topped by photographs of the anchormen from the evening news programs of the three major networks. The point was, of course, that the nightly fare of dismal national economic news so far means little to Kansas' largest city, where unemployment is only half the U.S. average and industry is still healthy (TIME, Dec. 9).

Similar ads in other pockets of prosperity around the U.S. have been popping up since the middle of December, along with bumper stickers reading I'M NOT BUYING RECESSION and even an occasional billboard. Read one in Charleston, S.C., where unemployment was only 3.2%. WELCOME TO CHARLESTON. THE RECESSION ENDS HERE. Charleston, in fact, is where the contagious campaign originated with Manley Eubank, a Ford automobile dealer. Worried that Americans were talking themselves into a recession, he decided to do something about it. The first spate of ads and bumper stickers appeared after Eubank got the Charleston Automobile Dealer Association to pay for an ad.

It would be nice, of course, if the recession were simply a figment of pessimists in remote broadcast studios and wire rooms, but for millions of Americans it is all too real. And those who still live in relatively prospering communities are unlikely to take the advice of the ads and tune out. There is doubtless a certain guilty gratification in tuning in every night just to see how well off they are.





ACROSS CENTERPIECE OF MIDWESTERN GRAIN, FORD LUNCHE'S WITH GOVERNORS IN TOPEKA

WALTER BENNETT

THE ADMINISTRATION

Ford: Giving 'Em Heck on the Hustings

The Lincoln-Washington birthday recess is a congressional institution, but last week Congressmen back home for the ten-day holiday got an earful, and their ears were burning. What in the world were they doing at home, their constituents wanted to know, when the economy needed their full attention? "There is a real irritation around here that Congress recessed," reports New York Republican Peter Peyser. "People have been coming up to me and saying, 'Why aren't you down there doing something about all this?'" An aggrieved constituent told Virginia Republican Caldwell Butler: "Any policy is better than none." Reports Ohio Republican Samuel Devine: "People tell me, 'Let's stop this bickering between the White House and Congress and get something done!'" The American public did not appear to be panicking; people were sober and subdued but still largely positive as they appraised their own and their country's future. "The mood isn't gloom and doom," says Norman Mineta, a freshman Democrat from Southern California. "The question always asked is how much and how long it is going to take to turn this around."

Good Will. Responding to the public mood, President Ford was doing his best to do something. He went on the road to try to sell his program along with his presidency. Quite deliberately, he invoked the memory of Harry Truman and let his audience draw the comparison between the two Presidents. He was not flaying Congress in the "give 'em hell" style of Truman in 1948, but befitting a more conservative and restrained politician, he was at least giv-

ing 'em heck on the hustings. Even if his listeners did not agree with or did not quite grasp his complex economic and energy proposals, they were beginning to warm to him.

He will need all the sympathy and good will he can bank as the bad news accumulates over the coming months. Last week it was announced that industrial production had fallen a dismaying 3.6% in January, the sharpest monthly drop since the Depression year of 1937. George Meany, the redoubtable president of the AFL-CIO, declared, "We're past the recession stage; we're going into a depression." He predicted that unemployment would hit 10% by summer, and that was not far from the estimates of some economists (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*). Teamsters President Frank Fitzsimmons, who supported the G.O.P. in 1972, gave a speech in which he said he was tired of Administration "rhetoric." Ford's critics doubt that his proposed \$16 billion tax cut is big enough to stimulate a real recovery and condemn his energy program as adding arbitrary and unnecessary burdens on the already reeling economy. Yet Ford was willing to compromise even as he fought for his program and carefully avoided a fixed position from which he could not retreat.

His first stop was Houston, oil country where both executives and wildcaters resent urbanites who want to trim their energy profits. The President did not give them grounds for much complaint. In a speech to some 600 business leaders, he defended his energy program as a way of encouraging more oil and gas development. He waved a copy

of his 167-page energy proposal in the air; then he brandished the four-page bill passed by the House to postpone his tariff increase on imported oil. "A program and a plan is needed," he declared, "not a step backward."

Afterward he met with five of the Southwestern Governors—all Democrats. Arkansas Governor David Pryor said bluntly, "First, I would basically support the moratorium on the imposition of the oil tax; and two, I would personally like to thank President Ford for coming." But if the Governors were skeptical of Ford's program, they liked the President better than they thought they would, and so did some other politicians he met along his route. A county Republican leader in Texas conceded that he had had grave reservations about Ford's leadership before they met; after their chat, he was fired up to organize for the President's election.

Grasp of Facts. In Topeka Ford was greeted by some 10,000 people at the state capitol. He shouted into the microphone with delight, "This crowd is unbelievable!" He announced that he was releasing \$2 billion in highway funds out of a total of \$11.1 billion that had been impounded. The money, he said, would create some 140,000 jobs, help conserve fuel by building better and safer highways and contribute to mass transit. The hard-pressed states, however, would have to provide at least 10% in matching grants, and it can be argued that highway building is not the most useful form of public works for the times. Again, he met with the Governors of the region. Dan Walker, Democratic Governor of Illinois, told the

THE NATION

President: "Rarely have I seen a Chief Executive with such a grasp of facts and statistics."

Then Ford moved east to address the Society of Security Analysts in New York City. "While unemployment is the enemy of the 8.2% of American workers temporarily out of work," he said, "inflation is the universal enemy of 100% of our people." He took another jab at his antagonists on Capitol Hill: "Until the Congress does something more, it will be part of the energy problem, not part of the solution."

Ford gave his final speech of the week at a \$175-a-plate dinner in Manhattan in honor of Vice President Nelson Rockefeller. The President chided Congress for opposing his foreign policy as well as his economic program. He drew on another historical figure, Michigan Senator Arthur Vandenberg, to emphasize the need for a bipartisan foreign policy. A onetime Republican isolationist, Vandenberg persuaded members of his own party to support Truman's interventionist policy. "I do not expect 535 reincarnations of Senator Vandenberg," said Ford. "But I challenge the Senate and the House to give me the same consideration that Vandenberg sought and got for President Truman." More articulate than in the early days of his presidency, Ford drew no guffaws when he failed several times to pronounce *integrated* correctly. His audience laughed with him, not at him, when he finally gave up with the remark, "I told my wife Betty I knew this

speech backward, and I'm proving it."

While the President was promoting his program, the remaining chamber in session on Capitol Hill was trying to catch up. The Senate Finance Committee finally put together a quorum and approved, by a vote of 12 to 2, the House bill postponing the oil import fees for 90 days. Though the measure will be easily passed in the Senate, the question is whether or not it will get the two-thirds vote to override a veto.

Senate Democrats also readied an energy program they will offer as an alternative to Ford's. It takes a more cautious approach. While the President seeks an immediate cut in oil imports to safeguard the nation in case of another Arab embargo, the Democrats are content with a more gradual reduction in foreign oil over the long run. They oppose Ford's scheme to reduce consumption by raising the price of oil because it would be a drag on an already sagging economy. Says a Senate staffer who specializes in energy: "There is no need for a sudden drastic cut in petroleum imports that would add to unemployment and choke off economic recovery."

Dream Ticket. Still another approach was on view in Washington's Mayflower hotel last week. Some 500 conservatives gathered to express their discontent with Ford's budget deficit, as well as other aspects of his policy that seemed to separate him from the true faith. "I personally believe that in 1976 we need a new political party," said M. Stanton Evans, chairman of

the American Conservative Union. "The essential thrust of this Administration is not a conservative thrust." He was cheered by an audience waving buttons proclaiming, REAGAN—THE SPIRIT OF '76 or THE DREAM TICKET: REAGAN AND BUCKLEY.

Next month New York Senator James Buckley will sponsor a more exclusive meeting of top-ranking conservatives to plan for 1976. Considering a move toward a third party to be a "disaster," Buckley wants to form a bloc to bring pressure on the G.O.P. national convention and put over a candidate like Reagan if Ford grows too liberal in the meantime. The conservatives fear, above all, that Ford will decide against running and give his blessing to Vice President Rockefeller, who is still the prime target of conservative wrath, despite his moves rightward in his last term as New York Governor.

In many ways, the President could not be in a worse position: squeezed in a vise between recession and inflation. If he cannot extricate himself, if the economy fails to respond to his programs, he will have no chance to win election in his own right in 1976. But from another, political viewpoint, he is not in such a bad position. It is, in fact, a traditionally enviable one: under attack from both the left and the right, he can pre-empt the vast middle. So armed, he could present himself to the electorate in 1976 as the reasonable candidate between the extremes if—and it is a big if—the economy sufficiently improves.

A Tough, Charming Cabinet Woman

The third woman Cabinet member in the nation's history was nominated last week by President Ford. Designated to become Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, she is Carla Anderson Hills, 41, now an Assistant Attorney General heading the civil division of the Justice Department. If confirmed by the Senate, she will replace James T. Lynn, the new director of the Office of Management and Budget. The only other women to achieve such status were Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins in Franklin Roosevelt's Administration and Oveta Culp Hobby, appointed HEW Secretary by Dwight Eisenhower.

Mrs. Hills is a cheery, intelligent lawyer who gets straight-A marks from the 450 lawyers and aides whose work she has supervised at Justice. Her colleagues describe her as "strong-willed," "forceful," "enormously bright" and "extremely competent." Adds Deputy Attorney General Laurence Silberman: "She seems to be able to blend a high professional standing and ability with an undeniable femininity. And she is also as tough as nails."

Mrs. Hills, a Republican, was first

proposed for her high Justice Department post by former Attorney General Elliot Richardson, and arrived in Washington on the day of the Saturday Night Massacre in which Richardson resigned. Her husband Roderick is both a lawyer and chairman of Republic Corp., a California conglomerate. They and their four children, aged four to 13, share a

CARLA ANDERSON HILLS



spacious home in a fashionable Washington neighborhood.

Before moving to Washington because of Mrs. Hills' new job, the Hillses both worked in the same Los Angeles law firm. Although Republic is Los Angeles-based, Hills did not object to the move east. "It hasn't hampered my career at all," he said. "Carla accompanied me when I spent a year at Harvard. Now it's her turn." Adds Hills about his wife: "She can beat me at tennis—and that bothers me more than her being a better lawyer."

Mrs. Hills' academic credentials are first-rate: honors graduate of Stanford, upper 15% of her Yale Law class, study at Oxford, law teacher at U.C.L.A. Her first service with the Justice Department began in 1959, when she spent two years as an Assistant U.S. Attorney in Los Angeles. Wisconsin Democratic Senator William Proxmire, whose Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs Committee will first handle the nomination, contends that not a lawyer but an expert in housing is needed at HUD.

Nevertheless, to refuse confirmation of Ford's only Cabinet-level woman appointee would be an act of political foolishness that few other Senators are likely to risk.

THE VICE PRESIDENT

Putting Rockefeller to Work

President Ford chose a fitting occasion, a Manhattan dinner honoring Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, to provide an answer to one of Washington's most intriguing questions: How much power does he intend to give the former New York Governor? The answer, certain to further irk Ford's restive conservative critics, was in effect "a lot."

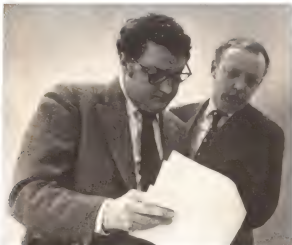
The President announced that Rockefeller will not only hold the title of vice chairman of the Domestic Council, which broadly shapes all domestic legislation and programs, but he will be charged with directly supervising its work. Moreover, two of Rockefeller's close aides, formerly in New York State government and now in his vice-presidential office, will head the council's

top staff jobs on the Domestic Council. He nominated Cannon and Dunham—and nothing happened. Ford's own aides, including Chief of Staff Donald Rumsfeld, were reluctant to give that kind of authority to Rockefeller men. Rumsfeld's prime candidate for Cannon's job was Harvard Law Professor Phillip Areeda, who late last week announced his resignation as counsel to the President. The delay was awkward for Rockefeller. Two weeks ago, he met Ford for an hour behind the closed doors of the Oval Office—and Ford overruled his advisers. He saved for the dinner the announcement that the Vice President's choices had been accepted.

Similar Duties. The Rockefeller men being promoted have varied backgrounds. Cannon is a veteran newsman,

Apparently to further strengthen the council, Ford added the heads of his Economic Policy Board and his Energy Resources Council to its membership. The council, whose membership also includes all the Cabinet Secretaries except those of State and Defense, rarely meets as a body, but its staff is highly influential. Ford said the council will assess the nation's domestic needs on both a short-term and long-term basis, set national priorities and provide options for meeting those needs. Cannon will be able to report directly to the President whenever he wishes. Thus the council's role is potentially powerful, although it must contend with the Office of Management and Budget, which puts practical funding limits on programs. Under Nixon, the Domestic Council was used by its director, John Ehrlichman, as a rigid barrier between the departments and the President.

Rockefeller seems far too sensitive



ROCKEFELLER AIDES JAMES M. CANNON & RICHARD L. DUNHAM; ROCKY & HAPPY AT NEW YORK DINNER IN ROCKY'S HONOR
A unique and fascinating experiment in expecting complete harmony between President and Vice President.

day-by-day operations. Ford appointed James M. Cannon, 56, formerly Rocky's top legislative aide in Albany, to the \$42,500 post of executive director of the council after the present director, Kenneth R. Cole Jr., leaves on March 1. Richard L. Dunham, 45, former New York State budget director, will become deputy director.

Ford's decision ended a suspenseful backstage White House drama. When he selected Rockefeller as his vice-presidential nominee, Ford promised to give Rocky more policy-shaping influence than past Vice Presidents have been accorded, and had mentioned a Domestic Council role for him. But for weeks Ford did nothing about this, and Rockefeller spent much of his time in his constitutionally delegated, largely ceremonial duty of presiding over the Senate.

Rockefeller was asked by Ford to suggest some names for the vacated

moving from the Baltimore *Sun* to become a TIME contributing editor, then *Newsweek's* national affairs editor, chief of correspondents and a vice president. A native of Alabama, he joined Rockefeller's New York staff in 1969. For Rocky, he held a post with duties similar to his Domestic Council position chairman of the Commission on Critical Choices for Americans.

By contrast, Dunham's experience before becoming a Rockefeller budget expert at Albany in 1967 was in business and computers. A native of Rochester, N.Y., he got his B.A. from the University of Rochester and M.A. in public administration from the University of Michigan, then worked for his family's computer service firm in Rochester. He joined the staff of the state of Ohio's legislative service commission in 1955, and served as an adviser for the U.S. AID program in Cambodia from 1957 to 1960.

to his touchy political situation to similarly push Cabinet members around. "Nobody can get between the President and his Cabinet, and nobody can get between the President and his staff without destroying his usefulness," Rocky insists. Ford's men are equally aware of the potential for high-level friction, but express optimism. "This is an ongoing experiment and unique policy in having complete harmony and concord between the President and his Vice President," observes Presidential Counsellor Robert Hartmann. "A great many around this town believe this is impossible. But the President believes that you trust your Vice President and you trust your Vice President's men." It should be indeed a fascinating experiment, and if it works, help alter the tradition that, as Finley Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley put it, the Vice President is a man whose main concern is "look-in' after th' prisident's health."

ARMED FORCES

The Executive Mercenaries

With the recent brouhaha about what extreme circumstances might prompt U.S. intervention in the Middle East and the revelations about the nature of covert CIA meddling in Chile and elsewhere, the Senators might be forgiven for seeing spooks under every bed. Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey found the prospect "fraught with danger." Henry Jackson declared that the notion "completely baffled" him and demanded a Senate investigation.

What upset the pair, along with a good many others, was the disclosure by Associated Press Correspondent Peter Arnett that the Pentagon has hired a U.S. company to train Saudi Arabia's 26,000-man national guard. The company, the Vinnell Corp. of Al-

goes, undoubtedly be Saudi Arabia; so the U.S. invaders would be confronted with U.S.-trained defenders. The irony may titillate, but the fact is that an attack on Saudi Arabia is a very remote possibility; and in any case, Saudi Arabia's regular forces have already been trained by the U.S. military as, for that matter, have Iran's.

According to the Pentagon, the case is considerably simpler: the Vinnell Corp. contract is merely the first example of a cost-cutting Pentagon policy change laid down in 1972. Ever since World War II, the U.S. has been using regular military personnel to train the forces of countries round the world. But with shrinking U.S. force levels and the advent of the volunteer army, U.S. sol-

diers have become too scarce and expensive to use for such purposes. Thus three years ago, the Pentagon decided that in the future, wherever possible, it would hire civilian contractors to train friendly foreign armies in the Middle East who asked for such aid and could pay for it. The policy was an extension of the common practice of U.S. manufacturers of military hardware sold abroad; they send their civilian technicians to train the purchasing countries in the use and maintenance of their aircraft, vehicles and sophisticated weaponry.

It was also in 1972 that King Faisal's agents approached the U.S. asking for help in modernizing the national guard to augment Saudi Arabia's far better equipped regular army of 36,000. In March 1973, the Saudis and the Pentagon agreed to pursue a deal, and that month the State Department sent a memorandum of understanding to the Senate and House foreign affairs committees reporting the arrangement and advising Congress that civilian contractors would be used in part of the package.

In the summer of 1973, a 19-man U.S. military team went to Saudi Arabia to survey exactly what would be needed. After both sides agreed on a deal in October, the Pentagon invited bids on the various components that it felt civilian firms could handle. The U.S. Government felt it could more efficiently manage some parts of the \$335 million enterprise itself. Thus the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers was given the \$62 million job of building modern barracks for the Saudi guard. But the Cadillac Gage Co. was given a civilian contract to build armored cars for Faisal's troops. No fewer than eight U.S. companies submitted

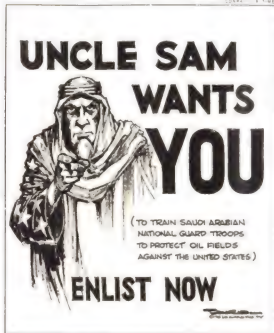
bids for the troop-training contract. It was won by Vinnell with a bid of \$76.9 million, of which the Pentagon as primary contractor, in keeping with standard practice, will keep 2%. Part of the Pentagon's fee will be earned by using a U.S. officer in Saudi Arabia to monitor and control the Vinnell activities in the field for the Saudis.

Vinnell Corp., though not exactly a household brand name, is scarcely a do-nothing James Bond Universal Export with a plaque on a door and all mystery within. The privately owned company, headquartered in a Los Angeles suburb, was incorporated in 1945, and has specialized in large-scale building and engineering projects in the U.S. and in more than 40 countries abroad. Vinnell served as the contractor for Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles, paved highways in several Western states, and for a time was a large steel fabricator in Southern California. The company has also enjoyed a lucrative and thriving relationship with the U.S. military for the past 30 years. In addition to building emergency landing strips during the Korean War, the company has constructed an extensive array of airstrips in such Far Eastern locations as Okinawa, Taiwan, Thailand and South Viet Nam.

New Undertaking. It was not surprising that Vinnell took on the Middle East assignment. And the good will it has built up in the area has proved to be invaluable. For the past five years the company has reported net losses in every year but one, and last week it was learned that Vinnell will be forced to sell a sizable block of its stock. More than 25% of the \$469,000 worth of stock up for sale has been snapped up by an officer of a Beirut bank.

Currently an employer of some 2,500 people, the company, says President John Hamill, has "worked hard for this contract, sinking five years of effort in winning the confidence of the Persian Gulf countries." But training of troops in the use of a wide assortment of weapons, from rifles to antiaircraft guns, as well as in small-unit tactics and advanced infantry training maneuvers is a new undertaking for Vinnell. To assemble the necessary expertise, a brisk company recruitment effort is under way among combat-skilled former soldiers. The veterans who will make up the training staff will enjoy, besides their regular military pensions, salaries ranging from \$1,500 to \$1,800 per month for an 18-month period, with a \$2,400 bonus if they serve out their full tour of duty.

The fear that Vinnell's men might become involved in a Middle East war or be drawn into an internal Saudi conflict seems highly exaggerated to recruits for the training jobs. Said one former U.S. Army officer after signing on: "We are not mercenaries because we are not pulling the triggers; we train people to pull triggers." Another officer laughed and added: "Maybe that makes us executive mercenaries."



hambra, Calif., has already begun recruiting among former U.S. military veterans the 1,000 men it will need to do the three-year job in King Faisal's oil-rich desert nation. The suspicious immediately dubbed the task force "mercenaries" and wondered if Vinnell was a CIA front, and double-helix theories multiplied about what might be the real plot afoot.

Titillating Irony. The most prevalent scenario imagined that worst possible case raised a while back by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger: a new oil embargo that threatens the "strangulation of the industrial world" and causes the U.S. to invade the oil-producing countries to seize the wells. One of the countries would, so this theory

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Keeping Ford in Fighting Trim

On one normal day last week, Gerald Ford got up at 5:50 a.m. and went to bed at 10:45 p.m. What went on in between was almost unspeakable. There were two separate scheduled events, mainly meetings and appearances. Ford greeted or talked to more than 100 people, made two formal speeches outside the White House. He placed a dozen telephone calls beyond the premises, received at least as many, conducted literally countless confabs on the inner-office lines. Three meals were eaten, ablutions performed, family members counseled, six newspapers perused, four TV newscasts sampled, scores of memorandums absorbed. He did push-ups, smoked, joked, shook hands in unrecorded but generous portions.

The Ford energy, one of the nation's vital resources, is quite amazing.

Theodore Roosevelt, renowned for his vigor, sometimes used to finish his presidential work by noon and go off romping with the kids in the afternoon. He was underemployed. Calvin Coolidge slept twelve hours a night. There are those who claim that even that much sleep was not enough to get him going. Lyndon Johnson kept moving by insisting on an afternoon nap "with my britches off" and a cold wake-up shower with nozzle pressure of 80 lbs. per sq. in. Richard Nixon withdrew from the world for days to marshal his strength. Ford just keeps going on.

One reason is that he is diligent about his morning exercises. Right out of bed he spins off two miles on the exercise bicycle in his room. There follow 20 to 40 knee-lifts for each leg. The President sits on a low bench, straps weights of 20 or more pounds to each foot, then straightens his legs, building up those knee muscles injured in football. He does 25 or so push-ups and as many sit-ups. Sweating and breathing heavily at the end of 20 minutes, he is ready for a shower.

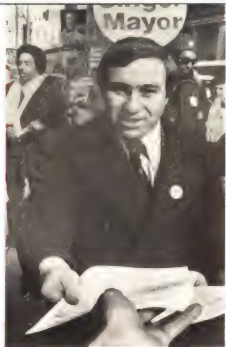
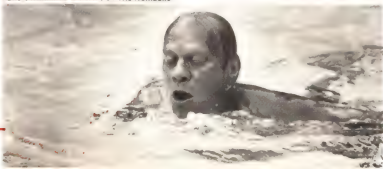
When he goes to Camp David, he expands his regimen. Last time he was there, he swam 2,100 ft. each day in three 700-ft. (14 laps) installments in the outdoor heated pool. Ford likes setting specific goals. These limits both push him a little farther than he might go sometimes and let him quit before he might other times. He churned up and down in the otherwise snowy landscape. He walked a good deal at Camp David and gave the snowmobiles a couple of quick turns through the forest.

The Ford weight is constantly monitored. Before his Camp David weekend, he weighed 195, the old football trim. He gained 2 lbs. over the weekend, apparently from the Sunday morning breakfast of waffles, strawberries and sour cream. He lost the 2 lbs. last week on salads and cottage cheese.

On the move, Ford has a rare ability to grab brief bits of total sleep. Last week in Topeka he cat-napped in his hotel, woke up after 20 minutes as if he had been given a shot of adrenaline. He does that on Air Force One with remarkable recuperative results. Once, traveling in a limousine to a student meeting, Ford suddenly told an aide, "I think I'll take a little nap." He settled back and went sound asleep, so sound that the aide had to wake him when he got to his destination. Ford then gave a speech and shook 300 hands.

Variety in view and routine is a relaxant. Ford now has an informal office just beyond the Oval Office. Unlike Nixon, this President frequently takes off his coat and works in shirtsleeves. His pipe is handy and in constant use. White House Physician William Lukash believes such little things reduce tedium and tension. Ford likes movies at night but sometimes flakes out. He fell asleep during a screening of *The Sugarland Express* but stayed the distance for *Chinatown*. There is an effort to introduce soothing potions of humor in the daily rituals. When Hollywood's gorgeous Candice Bergen was in the Oval Office taking pictures, a serious avocation of hers, alongside David Hume Kennerly, Ford's cameraman, the President went dutifully through his routine as the shutters clicked. After the two had gone, Kennerly was summoned back to Ford's desk. There stood a somber Ford with Aides Don Rumsfeld and Dick Cheney. "We have taken a vote," pronounced Ford. "We have decided to replace you with Candy Bergen as White House photographer." The laughter filled the Oval Office and Jerry Ford was ready for more work.

FORD SWIMMING HIS LAPS BY THE NUMBERS



WILLIAM SINGER CAMPAIGNING

CHICAGO

Challenging Hizzoner

With dogged zeal, Alderman William Singer, 34, has visited every public school and transit station and nearly every supermarket, bowling alley and bingo parlor in Chicago during his 16-month campaign to defeat five-term Mayor Richard Daley in next week's primary. At many of the stops, city employees—among them transit workers, policemen and firemen—have been siding up to offer encouragement to the maverick Democrat. "Lotsa luck, Alderman. We're with you," are words often heard. That people who owe their jobs to Daley's political machine would even cautiously express such support for an opponent is a token of what has happened to Singer's campaign. The impossible dream of an energetic upstart with a lot of nerve has turned into the most serious challenge to Daley's rule since his election as mayor in 1955.

Private Gain. Singer has benefited from a series of setbacks suffered by Hizzoner since his election. A stroke in 1974 required an operation and three months of convalescence. Seven top members of his machine, including his right-hand man Alderman Thomas Keane, have been convicted for using their offices for private gain. Questions of propriety have been raised over the mayor's secret ownership with his wife of a real estate company with assets of about \$200,000. He has been criticized for influencing the placement of millions of dollars' worth of city insurance with a firm that employed one of his sons. Partly as a result of these blows, three opponents are running against him in the primary: Singer, former State Attorney Edward Han-

THE NATION

rahan and black State Senator Richard Newhouse.

Of the trio, only Singer has any chance to oust Daley, and even his remains an outside one. Singer is a liberal attorney who was elected to the city council from a machine ward on Chicago's well-to-do Near North Side in 1969. He established himself as leader of the city's antimachine Democrats and in 1972 headed the rebellious group that unseated Daley's delegates at the Democratic National Convention. In his campaign for mayor, Singer has put together a surprisingly strong grass-roots organization. He raised more than \$600,000 and launched a TV advertising blitz. Singer has also scored points with voters by blaming Daley for the flight of industry that cost the city more than 200,000 jobs between 1960 and 1970, a 12% rise in serious crime in the first ten months of 1974, and the deterioration of the city's 584 public schools, whose pupils (60% of them black) trail national averages in mathematics and reading.

In the last weeks of the campaign, Singer has picked up support from groups that have traditionally backed Daley and the machine. Among them were 37 black leaders, including U.S. Representative Ralph Metcalfe. The Chicago *Sun-Times* and *Daily News* broke with precedent and endorsed Singer. So too have several leading businessmen. Ben Heineman, president of Northwest Industries and a friend of Daley's, has gone so far as to declare his support for Singer in a TV ad. Heineman explains: "To put it purely in business terms, I would never put a man who is 72 and has had a stroke in charge of one of our major corporations."

Outraged Blacks. As a result, Daley has had to run hard for the first time. His course has been at times erratic. He has stoutly defended the city's public schools as among the finest in the country, despite persuasive studies to the contrary. He unnecessarily reaffirmed his infamous "shoot to kill" order to police, which outraged blacks and many others just as it did when it was first issued during the riots that followed Martin Luther King's death in 1968. He rather crudely declared at a press conference that his mother once advised him to reply to political attacks by pinning some mistletoe to his coattails.

Despite all of the mayor's campaign gaffes and his administration's scandals, few people are willing to predict that Singer will topple Daley in patronage-padded Chicago. The reasons were succinctly stated by Jack Guthman, a lawyer and Daley stalwart: "The precinct captains work late in the campaign." Indeed, the machine still controls 44 of Chicago's 50 wards. As the primary neared, Daley organization workers were canvassing door-to-door to deliver him enough votes to win the Feb. 25 primary, which would virtually guarantee victory in the April election over a token Republican candidate.

PERSONALITY

The Making of a Master Spy

In the best tradition of the spy masters, James Jesus Angleton, 57, always worked in the shadows, his identity as the Central Intelligence Agency's chief of counterintelligence known to few besides other key spooks, his family and a handful of close friends. Now, the controversy over the CIA's domestic activities, in which Angleton's staff was accused of having spied massively and illegally on U.S. citizens, has made his name notorious. He was forced to resign from the CIA in December, and last week he testified for 2½ hours before the presidential commission investigating the CIA. He denied any role in the domestic spying, saying that the secret unit that ran the operation reported

came into view, waist-deep in the icy water and feeling for safe footing among the slippery rocks. He was using a 2½-oz. Leonard rod and casting with easy grace, the tiny fly landing lightly 80 or 90 ft. below him. He took 1½ hours to draw abreast of us, never quitting a run or a pool until he had tested every inch of the surface with one or another of some dozen flies. In the end, though, he had five fine native trout in his creel.

Such meticulousness stood him well in the grinding, exhausting and unforgiving discipline of counterintelligence. His job was to locate, identify and neutralize the operations of hostile espionage agents, particularly those of the



FORMER COUNTERINTELLIGENCE CHIEF ANGLETON
A passion for anonymity.

directly to then CIA Director Richard Helms and was only nominally under the counterintelligence chief's control. For all the interest in him, Angleton remains a mysterious figure, his 31-year career as a highly successful spy virtually unknown. To fill in some of the blanks, TIME asked Angleton's longtime friend and admirer Charles J.V. Murphy, a former editor and Washington correspondent of FOR-TUNE, for this highly personal portrait of the master spy:

I had known Jim Angleton for years, but I had never fully appreciated some of his qualities until a fishing trip to the Adirondacks 14 years ago. It was a bone-chilling early spring day, and with another member of the party, I had retired fishless to the bank for a consolating drink and to wait for Angleton. Finally, he

Soviet KGB, at home and abroad. The task offered few rewards and demanded an angler's perseverance and patience, unflagging watchfulness and a passion for anonymity. General William Donovan, the director of the Office of Strategic Services (a precursor to the CIA), called him the OSS's "most professional counterintelligence officer." In the years that followed, all the directors of the CIA leaned on him. Allen Dulles seldom made a move on the clandestine side without first consulting him. Walter Bedell Smith made him his youthful *éminence grise* and bequeathed him his cherished fly-tying equipment. John McCone found him a fascinating and shrewd counselor.

Trusted Bridge. Angleton had a storybook background for his work. His Illinois-born father, James Hugh Angleton, joined the National Guard in Idaho in 1916 and chased Pancho Villa south of the border under General John J. ("Black Jack") Pershing. While there, Angleton courted and married a beautiful Mexican girl of 17. On returning to Boise, where their first son, christened James Jesus, was born in 1917, Angleton père established himself as a star salesman for the National Cash Register Co. In the 1920s he took charge of the company's European operations. In 1933 he bought the firm's franchise for Italy and moved his family to Milan and later to Rome, where they lived in a handsome old villa. For years he headed the American Chamber of Commerce in Italy and was the trusted bridge between the American embassy and Italian industry.

His son's familiarity with high cuisine, wine and good tailoring was thus all naturally acquired. So too was his



ANGLETON ON A FISHING TRIP TO ENGLAND (1964)

At home with Dante, poker and handicapping horses.

profound abhorrence of totalitarianism. Says Angleton: "If one has lived much of his life abroad, as I have, one is apt to judge his country more precious than do those who know no other country well." He recalls the day in 1936, when he was 18 and working through a summer holiday as an apprentice mechanic in National Cash Register's Paris factory, that the workers heard about the Wehrmacht reoccupation of the Rhineland. Says Angleton: "The workers to a man threw down their tools and standing at attention sang the *Marseillaise*. Then they streamed into the street, cursing the government. I stayed up all night, listening to the furious talk of the workers in the bistros. It was my first political experience—an experience in despair. And the war lengthened the experience. While gathering evidence for the Nuremberg war trials, I came upon the horrifying proof of the extermination of 6 million Jews. To prevent war, to preserve freedom are continuing causes with me. They have shaped my life."

After 3½ years at Malvern College in England, he entered Yale in the class of 1941. Says poet Reed Whittemore, Angleton's college roommate and still a close friend: "He was quite British in his ways, though he had treasured his Middle Western accent. He was a mixture of pizixness and earnestness, very much at home in Italian literature, especially Dante, as well as the fine points of handicapping horses. He was an owl; he stayed up late, talking, reading or playing poker."

Original Poetry. In their junior year, Whittemore and Angleton edited a quarterly of original poetry, called *Furioso*, financed mostly by subscriptions raised by Whittemore's aunt. Contributors included Ezra Pound, E.E. Cummings, Archibald MacLeish and William Carlos Williams. Rates were \$1 a page. "When we were short of money, which was most of the time," Whittemore remembers, "we paid off our poets with fine Italian cravats from the stock that the Angleton haberdasher in Italy kept replenishing."

As the war came on, Angleton's father moved the family to New York and joined the OSS. He took part in the planning of the Italian invasion, went ashore with the assault forces at Anzio and rose to colonel. Son Jim had meanwhile en-

tered Harvard Law School and married Cicely d'Autremont of Tucson, Ariz., a junior at Vassar. He was called up in 1943, put through basic training and also assigned to OSS and sent to Italy. His unit uncovered some of the secret correspondence between Hitler and Mussolini that was later introduced into the Nuremberg trials as proof of their conspiracy.

After the war, Donovan asked him to help the provisional Italian government beat off a threatened Communist takeover. Angleton assisted the carabinieri in rebuilding a counter-intelligence service. Through it, he acquired the Soviet instructions to the Italian Communists for supporting the Greek Communists in the civil war in Greece. He and his principal associate for all of his career, Raymond Rocca, who retired recently from the CIA, where he had been Angleton's chief deputy, ferreted out the exchange of correspondence between Stalin and Tito that foreshadowed the 1948 breach between them.

Late in 1947 Angleton resigned from the Army as a major and returned to Washington. By then, he had become, as he puts it, "sharply aware of the Soviet long-term objectives in subversion." Having long ago turned his back on law, he joined the CIA, which had been created some months earlier. Angleton was put in charge of helping to organize its clandestine side.

Many of Angleton's covert operations after he joined the CIA remain secret. The only people who know what he really did are his superiors and those who worked with him. One exploit that can be told came early in 1956. In collaboration with a friendly intelligence service, his unit acquired a copy of Nikita Khrushchev's famed denunciation of Stalin to the 20th Party Congress. Angleton and his lieutenants also developed the evidence that helped lead the FBI in 1957 to the KGB agent Colonel Rudolf Abel, who had operated since 1948 from an obscure photographer's shop in Brooklyn. The numbers of spies who have been caught in Angleton's net run into the dozens. They include George Blake, a senior officer in the British Se-



WITH GENERAL DONOVAN AT VATICAN (1946)

cret Service; George Pâques, a NATO official whose activities were in part the basis of the book and film *Topaz*; and Heinz Felfe, a high-ranking officer of the West German intelligence service.

Angleton's CIA staff was small—no more than a few score, mostly senior men who had been with him since the agency's founding. They were chiefly specialists on the "adversary" services; a foreign intelligence officer says that the operation was "the best in the world." Three of Angleton's people, including Rocca, have left the agency, angry over its failure to stand by their boss.

Forced Out. His defenders regard Angleton as a casualty of the times. They believe that he was forced out because some important U.S. policymakers no longer hold counterintelligence an indispensable function and so strongly believe in the durability of détente that they are uncomfortable with a clandestine organization that persists in regarding the KGB as a serious threat. In this respect, Angleton's departure is reminiscent of the fate of a fictional counterintelligence man, George Smiley, the sad hero of John le Carré's *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*. Fired during a staff shake-up at the British Secret Service, Smiley was later called back to root out a suspected "mole," or traitor, who had burrowed deeply into his old organization. The mole resembles Kim Philby, the famed British double agent. It was Angleton who provided some of the information that enabled the British to nail down the case against Philby before the English spy fled to Moscow.

UNEMPLOYMENT

Signs of Stress in the Safety Nets

Unemployment is rising and production is falling faster than at any time since the Depression, and the situation is certain to grow worse. In January, the output of the nation's factories, mines and utilities fell 3.6%, the most severe monthly plunge in 37 years. With production lines shutting down and the number of bankruptcies swelling, President Ford's economists have already abandoned their recent prediction that unemployment this year would average 8.1%. It hit 8.2% in January, is sure to climb in February and, says Arthur Okun, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, "it will take a miracle to stop it at 9%." The cold statistics do not begin to measure the human dislocation: recent college graduates who cannot find work, middle-aged people who face interrupted careers, older workers whose visions of comfortable retirement are fading.

In any other major industrial nation, 8.2% unemployment would probably lead to the fall of the government.

So far, Americans have reacted relatively calmly, but the pain of the re-

cent rapid rise in joblessness is only beginning to be felt and their frustration and hostility are intensifying. Congressman Peter Rodino reports that the mood of his largely black constituency in Newark "is ugly." The city's jobless rate, always high, has climbed to 20%.

Major Burden. Still, the plight of those without work would be far worse were it not for federally sponsored and state-administered unemployment insurance programs, which provide three-quarters of the 7.5 million jobless people in the nation with greater cushions of protection than have ever before been available. In the last week of January alone, more than 750,000 people signed up for benefits, bringing the total to 5.6 million—the highest number recorded since the payments began in 1938. The tax-free payments average \$62 a week, which is enough to exist on but hardly lavish in a time of inflation.

This year federal and state governments are expected to give out \$18 billion or more in benefits—triple the amount they disbursed last year. Though the states are bearing the major burden

at present, the longer the high jobless rate persists, the more the insurance system will depend on financing by the federal budget. A total of \$14 billion has been set aside in the budget to pay unemployment claims for fiscal 1976, and there is a strong chance that more money will be needed.

Essentially, the unemployment insurance system is composed of three parts that can cover a jobless worker for up to 52 weeks:

1) A basic state unemployment compensation, which generally provides payments for up to 26 weeks. This program is funded by a tax on employers, which varies from state to state. In New Jersey, for instance, employers must pay up to \$300 annually for each worker. Employees contribute nothing to any of the compensation plans.

2) An extended program provides an additional 13 weeks of payments for workers who have exhausted their basic benefits. This program is paid for equally out of federal funds and state taxes on employers.

3) An emergency extension, enacted by Congress last December, adds yet another 13 weeks of federally financed benefits for regularly covered workers who have gone through their other benefits. This measure also gives 26 weeks' coverage to previously unprotected farm and domestic workers.

In response to the worsening situation, New York's Senator Jacob Javits plans this week to introduce a bill that would extend benefits for many workers still another 13 weeks—up to a maximum 65 weeks at a cost to the Federal Government of \$1.2 billion.

On top of these Government programs, some union contracts provide additional jobless benefits for laid-off members. Under the United Auto Workers' plan, Government insurance checks are supplemented by an employer-financed fund so that most laid-off workers get close to 95% of their normal take-home pay.

For most workers, however, the main safety net is Government unemployment insurance, and there is a growing feeling that it contains holes that are sorely in need of repair. State insurance funds in New Jersey, Connecticut, Washington, Vermont and Rhode Island have already toppled into temporary bankruptcy and been forced to borrow a total of \$299 million from the U.S. Treasury to keep going. The Labor Department reckons that as many as 30 other states may have to follow suit within the next two years. To keep

UNEMPLOYED WORKERS LINE UP FOR SCARCER PUBLIC SERVICE JOBS IN SAN FRANCISCO





CHRISTINA JACKSON (LEFT), WHO LED FIGHT FOR RATE CUT IN NEW YORK, DINES WITH FAMILY BY CANDELIGHT TO SAVE ELECTRICITY

their systems solvent, some states are now raising the tax on employers. That will put a further drag on the economy by draining needed capital away from business, or give an added lift to inflation if companies are able to pass the tax boost on to the customer in the form of higher prices.

Astoundingly, almost 2 million people actively seeking employment are not eligible for any insurance; they are workers who for one reason or another have been out of the job market for a while. Also barred from benefits are an undertermined number of workers who quit their jobs or were not employed long enough to qualify (the rules vary state by state). Three out of four in this uncovered group are women or young people.

Many states require that workers seeking jobless benefits first apply to an unemployment office and then return every week or two to show that they are willing to work if the office can provide them with a job suited to their skills. If it cannot, the worker signs a form, and in some states, like New Jersey, he picks up his check on the spot. In other states, like New York, workers must still show up at the office, but after they sign their form they have to wait for the check to be mailed to their home.

Building Sentiment. The sudden surge of joblessness has swamped unemployment offices. Out-of-work people have to stand for hours in long lines in dreary surroundings and be subjected to snappish treatment by overworked clerks. Worse, because of the heavy work load in the offices, the checks on which the jobless depend are either not ready when they appear at the office or are late in arriving in the mail. In Georgia, for instance, benefit applications early this month were running at 96,000 a week, v. 19,000 last year, and checks for some people were still arriving a month to six weeks late.

Sentiment is building in Congress to bring some kind of order to the system's

crazy-quilt pattern and at the same time increase payments. At present, benefits vary widely from state to state. The highest weekly maximum, \$156 (with dependents), is made in Connecticut; the lowest, \$60, in Mississippi. Of course, many people receive less than those maximums. The Administration has now called on all states to pay an amount equal to at least half a worker's average weekly take-home pay—up to a maximum of two-thirds of the average salary paid in the state.

Though unemployment benefits were never intended to substitute for wages, there is a strong case for higher benefits in today's inflationary climate. Says New Jersey State Labor and Industry Commissioner Joseph Hoffman: "For the average worker with two children, to live on this state's \$90-a-week maximum means subsisting on the poverty level."

The human suffering is only part of the problem. As the troubles of the unemployment insurance system show, widespread joblessness costs the nation ever larger amounts of tax money and leads to bigger federal deficits. All of which raises the question: Could a far more expansionary national economic policy be any worse? Indeed, even sharper tax cuts than the Administration wants would reduce the federal deficit—by putting people back to work.

ELECTRICITY

More Shocks in Those Bills

Last year it was food prices. This year soaring electricity bills could be the main focus of consumer outrage. In Maryland, where the Potomac Electric Power Co. is seeking a 22% residential rate increase, bumper stickers proclaim FIGHT THE HIKE, and customers are underpaying bills in protest. To battle a

23% increase proposed by the Virginia Electric & Power Co., local governments are raising a \$100,000 legal war chest. Some bitter citizens in North Carolina have threatened the life of State Utility Commission Chairman Marvin Wooten if Duke Power Co.'s call for a 23% increase is approved. Wooten says philosophically: "When you are dealing with a man's pocketbook, it is an emotional matter."

Nationwide, electricity bills rose about 20% last year, and they may well go up as much or even more this year. The raises are most severe in areas where utilities burn imported oil. In Southern California, where power is generated by Indonesian, Venezuelan and Canadian oil, residential electricity bills have climbed by 50% since 1973. In New York City and vicinity, bills have risen a breathtaking 42% in the past year.

Steady Rise. By far the hardest-hit consumers are the tens of thousands who are stuck with the all-electric homes that the utilities promoted so heavily until the early 1970s. Many of these residents complain that their electricity bills now exceed their mortgage payments. For example, in Union Bridge, Md., Dale and Karen Thatcher are strapped by their latest two-month bill of \$572 for their all-electric, seven-room farmhouse. They have unplugged the freezer and the TV, turned down the thermostat to 60° and swaddled themselves in heavy sweaters in a desperate attempt to economize.

New York's public service commission last week ordered Consolidated Edison Co. to reduce charges on all-electric homes by anywhere from \$50 to \$70 a year. The ruling climaxed a year-long rate protest led by Mrs. Christina Jackson of Hartsdale, N.Y. Agghast at the steady rise in her Con Ed bills—they have risen from \$56 a month in 1969 to \$252, even though she has cut back power consumption sharply—Mrs. Jackson recruited some 4,000 equally pained sub-

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

urbanites into an active lobby. She cheered last week's decision as "a victory for the small man." In fact, the cost of the rate reduction for all-electric residences will be borne by other Con Ed customers, whose rates will rise slightly as a result.

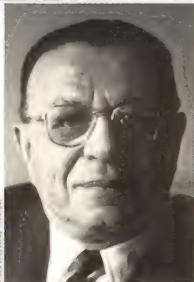
Electricity bills have been inflating not only because of higher oil prices but also because the cost of about everything that utilities use, from transmission wire to turbines, has increased alarmingly. So have the interest rates that they must pay for the vast amounts of capital they need. To help the utilities with their financing difficulties, regulatory commissions in many states last year began allowing increases in fuel costs to be passed on directly to customers.

Consumer advocates have been calling for a variety of measures to ease the impact of higher electricity costs on residential users. Some want a system of special "lifeline" rates which guarantee an adequate minimum amount of power at very low rates for poor or aged people. Other consumerists argue for a reversal in the present electricity rate structure to penalize big consumers of electricity and reward smaller users with lower rates. For most homeowners, charges now decline gradually as consumption increases; base rates for big firms are as little as one-half as high as those for residences.

Utility officials argue that they can serve their large customers much more cheaply than smaller users. But Margaret Person, head of the Citizens' Action Program in Chicago, says that the preferential rates for large customers "encourage industry to waste energy." She added: "In effect, we are subsidizing U.S. Steel and other companies. They are getting a bargain."

Actual Cost. One rate-reform concept that is gaining favor is "peak load" pricing. The price of power for all customers, big and small, would reflect the actual cost of generation at any given time of day. Rates would be highest at peak-load times—they vary widely from region to region—when less efficient stand-by equipment must be used to meet demand. Rates would drop late at night and on weekends, when demand is low. Advocates are persuaded that this system would reduce the need of utility companies to spend on costly new capacity and would offer customers potential savings.

Meanwhile, one of the biggest generating companies in the Midwest, Wisconsin Electric Power, plans to experiment with other measures to discourage consumption. It wants higher rates but intends to increase them much faster for corporate customers than for residential users. Wisconsin Electric managers also polled residential customers to see how many would approve of having their water heaters turned off automatically during peak consumption periods. Fully half of the customers said that they would not mind



LAZARD FRÈRES'S MEYER



INTRA INVESTMENT'S DAHAN

INVESTMENT

The Arabs Wield a Banking Ban

An ugly power play has unsettled the discreet and usually gentlemanly world of investment banking. Using their new financial strength, a number of Arab banks have threatened to pull their money out of major international bond issues unless the managers barred some U.S. and European banking houses from participating. The Arab move was aimed at houses that were founded by Jews, and in some instances—but not all—are run by Jews and have dealings with Israel. In at least three instances, the underwriting managers caved in, and the excluded houses were barred from putting up their capital, collecting commissions and selling bonds.

Two of Britain's most prestigious investment banking houses, N.M. Rothschild & Sons and S.G. Warburg & Co., were barred from participating in a \$20 million bond issue for Marubeni, a Japanese trading company. In a startling admission, officials of the lead bank in the deal, London's Kleinwort, Benson, Ltd., admitted that they had acceded to pressure from two other participants in the underwriting, the Libyan Arab Foreign Bank and the Kuwait Foreign Trading, Contracting and Investment Co. If Kleinwort had not given in, said its chief, Sir Cyril Kleinwort, the Arabs would have invested their money elsewhere. But other London bankers noted skeptically that Kleinwort, Benson was all too happy to exclude its competitors. Rothschild and Warburg, which are bigger and better established than Kleinwort in the Eurobond market.

Earlier this month, Lazard Frères & Co., a Paris banking house associated with Lazard of Manhattan and of London, was excluded from any role in floating a \$25 million bond issue for Air France. One of the participants, Intra

Investment Co., which gets its money from Kuwait, Qatar and Lebanon, insisted that Lazard be shut out. Intra officials put pressure on the two lead banks in the deal, Credit Lyonnais and Banque Nationale de Paris, both of which are government owned. Lazard was also excluded from a \$25 million issue for another client, the state-owned utility, Compagnie Nationale du Rhône.

Lazard's officials were so upset that they took a rare step in the genteel world of investment banking; they complained to the French Finance Ministry. It seemed most unsettling that the Arabs had forced French banks to exclude French businessmen from financings for French government companies. But Premier Jacques Chirac refused to get involved, declaring the exclusion to be "a matter of relations among banks and between banks and their clients."

Sign of Resistance. Elsewhere, however, there were growing signs of resistance to the Arab muscle. In Manhattan, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith refused to capitulate to demands by the Kuwait International Investment Co. to drop the U.S. branch of Lazard Frères as a participant in two lending syndicates that will raise \$50 million for the Mexican government and \$25 million for Volvo. Merrill Lynch Chairman Donald Regan was not about to exclude Lazard or slight its chairman, 76-year-old André Meyer. The Kuwaitis then dropped out of the deals. Echoing the typical sentiments among investment bankers, Paul Judy of Chicago's Becker and Warburg-Paribas beamed: "I'm glad that somebody stood up to them."

Indeed, when bankers have resisted, the Arabs have often relented. The West Germans have been particularly tough-



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minded in repelling the pressure. The Deutsche Bank, the Dresdner Bank and the Westdeutsche Landesbank have refused to bar any banks from deals, and the Arabs have given in. Said a London banker: "It is only the supine weakness of some banks which has given the Arabs any encouragement."

The Arabs' attempts to exclude banks with close Jewish connections are not new. For almost a quarter-century, the Arab Boycott Office in Damascus has included on its "blacklist" some two dozen U.S. and European banking houses with which Arab governments and businessmen were officially prohibited from dealing. Until fairly recently, the ban has been loosely enforced; Arabs have consummated some deals through blacklisted banks because they needed their services and did not have the financial power to be choosy. With their new power in financial affairs, however, the boycotters are refusing to deal with the blacklisted banks.

The ban is part of the overall Arab boycott of some 2,000 U.S. and European companies that because they have done business with Israel, are not to be dealt with by Arabs. There is only one official, regularly updated blacklist, in the Boycott Office in Damascus, although an aide at the Saudi Arabian consulate in Manhattan last week briefly showed TIME Reporter-Researcher Janice Castro something few non-Arabs have seen: a thick yellowed boycott book, as well as several ledgers with recent entries added in ink. But he refused to let it be closely examined.

Zionist Causes. Lucien Dahdah, president of Intra Investment, reiterates the Arab position that the boycott is aimed not against Jewish bankers or businessmen but against companies and individuals that contribute to Zionist causes or actively support Israel's military effort. "Significant" trade with Israel is cause enough to be blacklisted, although a company can appeal to have its name deleted upon demonstrating that it has severed "objectionable" trade relations. Currently, Ford Motor Co., Xerox Corp. and Coca-Cola are negotiating to have their names removed.

In practice, the boycott list is inconsistent. Says a director of a British bank that is owned by Jews: "There is no rhyme or reason to the blacklist. It is haphazard, illogical, capricious and full of contradictions." Perhaps the Rothschilds got on the list because they have helped refugee Jews settle in Israel. S.G. Warburg and the Paris-based Lazard have been active in arranging financial deals that involved Israel. But the Arabs still do some business with Lazard in London, and they have had dealings with Lazard in the U.S. The blacklisted French branch of Lazard was founded by Jews in 1854, but is now staffed mainly by Roman Catholics. Among U.S. houses, Lehman, Goldman Sachs and Kuhn, Loeb are not on the blacklist. Reason: unknown. Indeed, in most of

the *Our Crowd* banking houses, half or more of the partners are Christian.

The blacklist of banks threatens to backfire on the Arabs. In a strong editorial last week, the *Wall Street Journal* called on the U.S. Government to press for an early end to the whole blacklist and argued that it "appears less to be an attempt to undermine Israel than an attempt to inject anti-Semitism into Western business practice." Worst of all from the Arabs' standpoint, the whole episode raises doubts about the political pressures that some of them might try to exert when they invest their billions abroad.

POLICY

Tempest in the CEA

On top of all the other economic problems that his Administration faces, President Ford now must find two new members for his three-person Council of Economic Advisers. In a rather unusual move, both Gary L. Seever, 37, and William J. Fellner, 69, will be leaving the council by April 1. The only member remaining is Chairman Alan Greenspan.

Seever, an agricultural economist who joined the council as a staffer in 1970, will become the first chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission, a federal agency that will regulate the commodity exchanges. Fellner, a Yale professor emeritus, joined the Council in October 1973 after going on leave from Washington's conservative American Enterprise Institute. He will now return to the institute to continue his research into inflation and productivity.

In seeking replacements, Ford especially wants economists with academic backgrounds. A major hurdle in his quest: there are far fewer first-rate economists interested in public-policy issues among Republicans than among Democrats. Moreover, the new recruits will be asked to join the Council at a time when relations between Greenspan and his staff are somewhat strained. Both Fellner and Seever resented Greenspan's failure to consult with them more during the policymaking that led to the President's new economic stance.

Unhappy Economists. The CEA's staff of 20 economists was no less unhappy. Many believed that Greenspan was not adequately presenting to the White House their views on the need for a much more expansive economic package, with bigger and more permanent tax cuts than the President advocated. Disagreements between the chairman and his economists erupted in a series of debates.

At last the economists did manage to have the budget reflect their thinking. Their pressure led to the publication in the budget of the bleak five-year economic projections, which



DEPARTING MEMBER WILLIAM FELLNER



CHAIRMAN ALAN GREENSPAN
Strained relations.

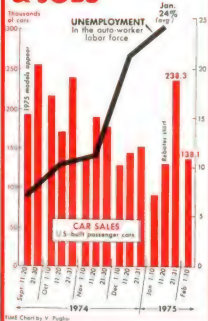
starkly underscore the need for yet more stimulus. Though the worst of the tempest is probably over, there is no doubt that the CEA can use whatever help new members can bring. Under the Employment Act of 1946, which created the Council, its chief function is to advise the President on how best to hold down unemployment.

AUTOS

Wait Till Spring...

Are the rebates working? The automakers say that the \$200 to \$600 checks they have been offering to buyers of new cars since mid-January have saved the decline at the dealerships from turning into a disaster. Yet the 1975 models are still having a bumpy sales

AUTO SALES & JOBS



ride, to say the least. Buyer interest rose smartly in the last ten days of January, the first period in which all of the automakers had their rebate programs in effect. But then sales plunged again.

The four automakers reported last week that they had sold a total of only 138,108 U.S.-built cars in the first ten days of February—42% fewer than the 238,324 cars they sold in late January. They took some comfort in the fact that the most recent sales were "only" 5% below the same period in 1974, when the Arab oil embargo was scaring buyers away. On that year-to-year basis, General Motors' sales rose 2.4% and Chrysler's were up 4.8%, while Ford's were down 8.3% and American Motors' were off 23.5%.

Hurt Profits. Detroit's costly gamble on cash rebates has helped to pull down the huge backlog of unsold cars, which stood at a 110-day supply in early January and hovers around 92 days at present. But profits have been hurt, many plants remain closed and fully 245,000 employees—31% of the industry's hourly-paid labor force—are currently laid off and the rebate programs are scheduled to end on Feb. 28.

Even so, General Motors remains considerably more optimistic than its rivals about sales this year. Chairman Thomas A. Murphy suggested last week that the company might begin to call back some of its 134,000 laid-off employees around the end of March "if the traditional upswing in auto sales occurs this spring." That is a big if, and it will be even bigger if there is no extension of the rebates.

MANAGEMENT

The Kickback Scourge

The Pan American World Airways purchasing agent knew a good deal when he saw it. Offered some generous cash incentives for steering a few Pan Am orders to a Miami-based electronics supplier, he grabbed. Then his bosses became suspicious, arranged a legal wire tap and recorded him in the act of negotiating kickbacks. That is when the second good deal came along for the agent—a union-contract clause stipulating that an employee fired for cause must be notified within 30 days of committing the offense. Pan Am did not want to confront the employee until it had prepared an airtight case, and that took longer than 30 days. Thanks to the technicality, the kickback-collecting employee is still a Pan Am purchasing agent.

Pan Am is certainly not alone in its woes with the spreading scourge of kickbacks. After a year-long federal grand jury investigation, 19 U.S. and foreign airlines (including Pan Am) last week offered to plead no contest to charges that they had given illegal kickbacks to travel agents. Last week as well, financially straitened W.T. Grant Co. filed civil fraud charges in New York federal court against three of its executives—including John A. Christensen, a \$72,000-a-year vice president—alleging that they had accepted bribes from an Atlanta-based real estate developer to lease inferior sites for shopping centers at inflated rates. According to the complaint, the kickbacks exceeded \$100,000, and ranged from trips to Acapulco to a \$33,000 stable built on Christensen's farm in Connecticut. The company is asking \$5 million in damages from the three men, the real estate concern and Christensen's wife.

Some banks, too, have to cope with kickback artists on their own payrolls.

At a federal hearing last week on a bankruptcy petition he has filed, Joel Kline, a Maryland land speculator, testified that he had paid \$25,000 to a loan officer at New York City's Bankers Trust Corp. in exchange for securing lines of credit. The following day the bank revealed that last November it had asked an officer, Stephen Benjamin, to resign for dealings with Kline. The land speculator, who bribed a number of Maryland state officials while Spiro Agnew was Governor, reportedly gave testimony that led to Agnew's resignation as Vice President.

Weed Killers. Several chemical firms have given cash and gifts to Illinois and Wisconsin state officials who bought the firms' weed killers and deicers. So far, 70 highway superintendents, sheriffs, sewer-plant supervisors—and even the mayors of the towns of Piper City and Rankin, Ill.—have admitted collecting bribes in return for approving official purchases at prices from two to five times competitive levels.

The ultimate victim of kickbacks is the consumer, who has to pay higher prices for shoddy goods and services. Companies fire offenders who get caught but do not prosecute for fear of bad publicity. Many states have no commercial bribery statute. In those that do, kickbacks almost always carry a penalty of less than a year. What is clearly needed is tough laws and stiffer sentences.

MORTGAGES

Toward Variable Rates

One of the advantages of buying a house rather than renting has been that mortgage rates cannot be raised as rents are. That situation may be changing. Last week the Federal Home Loan Bank Board urged that federally chartered savings and loan associations be allowed to offer mortgages with rates that would

DISPUTED SITE FOR W.T. GRANT STORE IN LOUISVILLE SHOPPING CENTER



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

go up—or down—in tandem with the cost of money to banks. Such a measure, the board contends, would ease future credit crises in housing.

In 1973 Congressmen pressured the board to withdraw a similar proposal for variable interest rates (VIR), but that was before a credit drought drove home-mortgage rates to more than 10.5% last year and dried up housing construction. Unless Congress specifically votes down the idea, federally chartered savings and loans will begin offering the new VIR mortgages in about six months. Borrowers would then be able to choose either VIR or fixed rates on their mortgages.

Consumer groups in the past have opposed VIR on grounds that the mortgage rates would probably rise—at painful cost to people on fixed incomes. Opposition may well be less now. Under Bank Board Chairman Thomas R. Bonnar's proposal, variable rates could go up no more than 2.5% over the life of a mortgage and no more than .5% each six months; a .5% increase would amount to about \$12.50 per month on a \$30,000 loan. Last month two of the largest California S and Ls, which are non-chartered and thus not subject to the bank board, abandoned fixed rates and moved exclusively to VIR. As an inducement, one is guaranteeing no rate increases for a year.

VIR advocates, including Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, say that the innovation would lead to lower rate levels. One reason: new mortgage borrowers would not have to compensate banks for mortgages that were negotiated earlier at unprofitably low rates. Bankers estimate that if rates had been floating since 1960, they could now be a full point lower than the present 9.4% average on new mortgages. In addition, U.S. mortgage rates are expected to ease this year, and so the first experience of home buyers assuming floating mortgage costs could well be a shift downward.

Lenders also argue that if they could charge temporarily higher rates to mortgage holders in times of tight credit, they could afford to pay higher rates to depositors. In that way, they could attract more deposits—and thus make more loans.

ENERGY

A Federal Oil Firm

U.S. oilmen find much to fret about these days: congressional pressure to end the depletion allowance and lucrative foreign-tax write-offs, calls for a rollback of domestic oil prices and growing resistance to offshore drilling. Still, nothing bothers them more than the possibility that Government might not only increase its intervention in the oil industry but actually decide to get into the business itself.

This week Illinois Democrat Adlai



LANDSCAPED, SOUNDPROOFED OIL RIGS CAMOUFLAGED AS BUILDINGS OFF LONG BEACH, CALIF. Controversial argument for a bigger government role.

Stevenson III plans to introduce in the Senate a bill calling for creation of a National Energy Supply Corp. Its purpose: to operate alongside existing energy firms and offer the public a "yardstick" by which to realistically gauge the industry's prices, profits and overall performance. The notion of a federal oil firm is likely to be given an even stronger push by another bill, also scheduled to be put forward in the Senate this week, by the current front runner for the Democratic presidential nomination, Washington's Henry M. Jackson. His legislation would create a National Energy Production Board with a big mission: it would attempt to mobilize public and private resources on a grand scale to bring about a dramatic increase in domestic production of oil and natural gas.

The plans in detail:

STEVENSON'S YARDSTICK: The Government-owned National Energy Supply Corp. would gradually get into the full range of oil and natural gas exploration, development and production. The NESC would be given first crack at development rights for up to 20% of any Government-owned oil or natural gas tract on land or offshore. The corporation would produce some fuel for Government stockpiles and sell the rest to independent oil firms—at prices that would aim to stimulate competition in the industry. The NESC would not market its oil and natural gas at below cost, but it would keep its profit margins low, in line with an overall mandate to reduce domestic fuel prices for consumers.

JACKSON'S MOBILIZER: The National Energy Production Board would be empowered to develop oil and natural gas on public lands, but its main purpose would be to organize and speed up exploration and production efforts by all U.S. oil enterprises. Jackson believes

that a crash effort is needed to develop domestic oil resources, between now and 1985, when investments in nuclear plants and other alternate sources begin to yield energy dividends. He envisions an energy superagency that would establish priorities, let huge contracts and even set up new companies for specific jobs. The aim of the board, says Jackson, "would be to help us mobilize like we did in World War II."

Opposing federal intervention, oilmen argue that government oil firms in European countries, like France's *Compagnie Française Des Pétroles*, have not been spectacularly successful at developing new production. A U.S. federal energy corporation, they say, could not add much to private industry's expertise in exploration and production. At the same time, oilmen raise the specter of socialism. "What comes next?" asks Frank Ikard, head of the American Petroleum Institute. "How about a Federal Livestock Corporation? Or a Federal Iron and Steel Corporation?"

The most controversial argument for a bigger Government role is Jackson's complaint that private companies have not developed the U.S.'s domestic energy resources as vigorously as they could have done. The industry replies that it has been hampered by several factors, including environmental concerns that in some areas have forced companies to go so far as to disguise their drilling rigs as tall buildings. In the future, Congress and the companies will certainly be debating the charge that the industry could have found and pumped more oil. Meanwhile, whatever their specific merits, the Jackson and Stevenson bills will help give some shape to the growing debate over how, and how far, Government power should be used to help the U.S. move toward its goal of energy independence.



SECRETARY OF STATE KISSINGER MEETING WITH PRESIDENT SADAT (LEFT) IN EGYPT & WITH PREMIER RABIN IN JERUSALEM

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST

Step-by-Step Is Still in Business

Henry Kissinger arrived in the Middle East last week seeking keys to further progress toward peace between Israel and Egypt, and almost immediately began to hear some freewheeling suggestions. One Israeli diplomat offhandedly suggested that peace might be easier to attain if athletic contests could be arranged between the two countries. "That's not a bad idea for a settlement," said one weary aide to Premier Yitzhak Rabin at the end of the talks. "We could let our national football teams beat their brains out against each other and send the armies home to watch."⁴

Solutions to the complex problems of the Middle East are not that easy. But after six days of intense talks, primarily in Jerusalem, Cairo and Damascus, Kissinger headed home, with stops in Europe, convinced that a second-stage disengagement agreement between Egypt and Israel was possible. He will return to the Middle East in early March to begin a fast-moving and decisive two weeks of shuttle diplomacy.

No New Miracles. The immediate objective of Kissinger's trip last week was to explore the possibility of further ameliorating the Israeli-Egyptian confrontation in the Sinai, the easiest problem to untangle. In Jerusalem and Cairo, Kissinger offered no solutions but solicited from both sides a general idea of

their minimum and maximum concessions. Thus there was no need for formal positions, policy clarifications or what Israeli Foreign Minister Yigal Allon at one point referred to as "new miracles" from the Middle East's proclaimed miracle worker.

As usual, the Secretary interjected chunks of humor into the discussions. Staring at a map of Sinai on a Jerusalem conference-room wall, Kissinger asked jokingly, "What did you put that map up for? I don't intend to talk about Sinai." At a dinner with Israeli officials he described Chief of Staff Mordechai Gur as a general "who displays great affection for any piece of territory possessing any elevation whatsoever." Referring to three promontories on the Golan Heights that Israel insisted on controlling in the first stage of disengagement talks with Syria, Kissinger told Gur: "I'll get one of those hills yet." Retorted a Gur aide: "You haven't so far."

Before landing in Israel, Kissinger predicted that he stood only a fifty-fifty chance of arranging a further disengagement. The problem between Egypt and Israel, he pointed out, was "to balance the tangles of territory against the intangibles of recognition and the desire for peace." Israel's basic diplomatic strategy was that it would only give "a piece of land for a piece of peace," and thus it would not surrender any more of the Sinai (see map following page) without getting clear-cut assurances of Egypt's peaceful intentions from President Anwar Sadat.

In Jerusalem, at least, Kissinger's problem was complicated by increasing Israeli distrust of his motives as well as nagging fears that his step-by-step diplomacy would harm Israel in the end. *Ha'aretz*, Israel's most influential newspaper, worried about the impact of Kissinger's peace plans: "It is not clear enough if the American Secretary of State intends to mediate between Israel and Egypt in full awareness that there is a partnership between us and the U.S., or whether he wants to succeed at any price, a price that Israel alone will have to pay." Aware of the pugnacious mood, Kissinger in his principal Jerusalem speech carefully noted: "We will not knowingly sacrifice Israel to considerations of great-power politics."

Fragile Coalition. The Israeli attitude may yet frustrate the latest round of talks. Prior to Kissinger's visit, even some dovish politicians in Jerusalem were coming round to the hawk point of view that the country gave up too much for what it received during previous negotiations. On the Golan Heights, for instance, many Israelis feel that they should have held onto the provincial capital of Quneitra instead of returning it to the Syrians. Officially, Premier Rabin was authorized by his Cabinet to conclude only what Jerusalem called a thirty-fifty deal—a military pullback in the Sinai (see box) of 30 kilometers in the south broadening to 50 kilometers in the north. This withdrawal would include neither the Abu Rudeis oilfields nor the vital Giddi and Mitla

⁴The idea is not new. According to *I Samuel 17* a Jewish David once faced Goliath of the Philistines, from whom Palestine takes its name, in a one-on-one competition while their armies looked on.

passes. In a speech to the Knesset last week, Rabin promised that these would be exchanged only for a clear-cut declaration of nonbelligerency on Egypt's part.

The diplomatic problem, as Kissinger has pointed out to the Israelis, is that Sadat cannot make a nonbelligerency commitment without running the danger of alienating his Arab allies. In rebuttal last week, Israelis argued that Rabin, a political novice who heads a fragile coalition government, is just as vulnerable to pressures as Sadat. Moreover, Kissinger can no longer work out

a deal privately with one Israeli leader, as he could with former Premier Golda Meir. Now he must satisfy a triumvirate consisting of Rabin, Allon and Defense Minister Shimon Peres.

Postal Service. Flying on to Egypt after two days in Jerusalem, Kissinger sought to determine what "intangibles" Sadat could offer Israel. One possibility was an *aide memoire* of some sort formalizing the Egyptian President's recent statements, made during his visit to Paris and in Aswan to members of TIME's Middle East news tour, that neither Egypt nor Syria would attack Israel first.

Other possibilities discussed included lessening of the longtime Arab economic boycott of Israel and establishing airline flights and possibly postal and telephone connections between Cairo and Jerusalem. Kissinger and Sadat apparently agreed that some kind of memorandum of agreement could be written that might spell out Egyptian concessions on these issues in return for Israeli withdrawals from the Sinai.

Kissinger is anxious to work out another agreement, at least between Israel and Egypt, before the U.N. peace-keeping mandates come up for renegotiation.

Sinai: A Border for Israel

To dramatize the strategic importance of the Mitla and Giddi passes, the sites of bitter battles in three wars between Israel and Egypt, the Israeli government last week flew U.S. newsmen accompanying Secretary of State Henry Kissinger by helicopter to a promontory on the Sinai front from which they could see all the way to the Suez Canal. Diplomatic Editor Jerrold L. Schecter, who was on the helicopter tour, and TIME's Daniel Droot, who earlier made a visit to the vital passes, reported on the scene:

The Mitla Pass, cabled Schecter, is no narrow cowboy-and-Indian ambush site. It stretches for 15 miles between granite outcroppings, the quickest route into the Sinai from the canal. With the low ground beneath him and the demilitarized zone nine miles in front of him, General Jacob ("Jack") Eban, 40, made his pitch, stressing the importance of controlling the high ground and maintaining an effective "electronic alert." Eban, deputy commander of Israel's southern front and an armored expert who fought at Mitla Pass in '67, declined to explain what he meant by the term, but Israeli radar and listening devices round the Mitla are said to be so effective that they can detect Egyptian MIGs preparing for takeoff at bases several miles west of the Suez Canal.

Eban swung his pointer across a map board, from the Mitla through the desert to the Giddi Pass 30 miles north. "If we stay in this area," he said, "we can conduct a good defensive operation without putting the whole army in." By controlling the passes, he said, the Israelis have a 7-to-1 manpower advantage over the Egyptians. The Mitla Pass outpost seemed lightly manned. Only a few squads of soldiers were camped amidst the crushed granite and sand bars. "Why don't we see any tanks or artillery?" the general was asked. He smiled. "This is an outstanding place for concealment." He added, "This is not a border to defend Sinai but a border to defend Israel. I, as a military man, would like to remain in this area."

Israel's generals, at least, have worked over the monotonous rock-strewn desert since the October war as if they intended to remain, transforming the area around the passes into

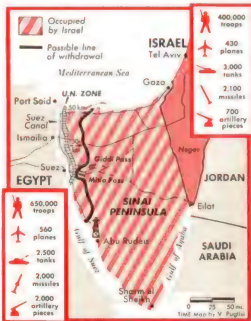
a powerful redoubt. In fact, reports Droot, the Israeli government has spent \$60 million on the Sinai defenses since the end of the October war. Entire battalions of armor have been buried in laagers—scooped-out shelters covered with camouflage nets. It is startling, as Israeli troops run through practice drills, to see an M-48 suddenly rear into view, moving from laager to firing platform or swiveling its 105-mm. gun as it goes churning across the dunes. The mountains, meanwhile, have been honeycombed with miniforts and electronic sniping stations.

There is no doubt that the thrust of any battle in another Sinai war will center on the passes. "This chain of mountains is the most important geographic factor in Sinai," explains a senior Israeli commander. "North of the passes is soft sand, which makes hard going for armor. To the south are high granite mountains that make large-scale maneuvers impossible. From here we can defend all of Sinai."

The most visible evidence of the new fortifications system is a 13-story observation tower, almost identical to a tower built by the Egyptians on their side of the demilitarized zone. Israeli soldiers man the crow's-nest continually, logging every movement on the other side. The Israelis estimate that the Egyptians have built enough bunkers for a force of five to seven infantry divisions, which could be transported across the canal within six hours, along with fire-control centers and

launching sites on the east bank of the canal. In addition, there are at least 250 artillery pits and 75 armored personnel carriers, many of them equipped with Sagger antitank missiles.

To throw back such a force, the Israeli army in Sinai has switched tactics. There are no more forts like those that dotted the prewar Bar Lev Line along the canal. "We've changed our style," says one army commander. "We're basing our defense now on armor, mechanized troops and self-propelled guns that would move quickly to any trouble spot." Israeli armor is on constant alert. About the only time the engines of the 155-mm. and 175-mm. self-propelled gun carriers are turned off is when Soviet spy satellites are about to pass overhead. The engines are shut down eight hours before the pass-overs so that infra-red sensors on the satellites will not pick up motor-engine heat, thereby disclosing Israeli strengths and dispositions.



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tuation in the spring. If he is successful, Syria's President Hafez Assad might even agree to delay a resumption of the full-scale Geneva conference long enough for Kissinger to work out second-stage agreements on the Golan Heights. Sadat desperately wants Kissinger to succeed. If he can work out a Sinai deal, it will justify Sadat's argument that a moderate approach can recover territory.

"We're still in business," said Kissinger as his Air Force jet soared between Cairo and Damascus in a hectic shuttle that also included a second visit to Jerusalem and brief meetings with King Hussein in Jordan and with King Faisal of Saudi Arabia in Riyadh. At week's end, Kissinger confirmed that he would indeed return to the area for another round of talks.

It will not be an easy one. The tough stance of the Israelis as they face second-stage talks seems increasingly unrealistic. They apparently underestimate the new political power of Arab oil and appear to be still hypnotized by the idea that security depends on territory and military might, neither of which can ever bring them peace with larger and more populous Arab neighbors. Beyond that, Jerusalem knows full well that even moderate Arab leaders will not tolerate another extended period of no-war, no-peace without progress toward a settlement. Yet the Israelis seem to think that time is on their side and that they will benefit from the fact that the tempo of negotiations is bound to slow down as Washington heads toward an election year. "God is on the side of the patient. Impatience is a sin," said Allon last week, quoting an Arab saying, not least of all because of the possibility that a pro-Israeli Democratic candidate like Senator Henry Jackson may win.

Victim of Support. The hostile comments heard in Jerusalem about Henry Kissinger before his arrival there clearly indicated that Israeli officials read one signal correctly—namely that Washington no longer automatically considers U.S. and Israeli interests in the Middle East to be more or less identical. But Jerusalem seems not to have digested this fact: the insouciance with which the Rabin government, at a time when the U.S. is in its worst recession since World War II, sought another \$2.5 billion in military and economic aid on credit demonstrates that. Even within Israeli government circles there is a lingering feeling that the U.S. to some extent is still a hostage of Israel, a victim of Washington's open, unqualified support for the country over the years. From this lofty conviction comes the view that the U.S. is only for reasons of prestige, could not stand the trauma of seeing Israel defeated in another war with the Arabs. The U.S. indeed would not allow such a defeat under foreseeable circumstances. But that is a fall-back for Israel, not a launch pad for resisting hard decisions necessary for peace.



TORY LEADER MARGARET THATCHER WITH HER HUSBAND DENIS & SON MARK

BRITAIN

A Tough Lady for the Tories

"To me it is like a dream, that the next name in the lists after Harold Macmillan, Sir Alec Douglas-Home and Edward Heath is Margaret Thatcher." With those uncharacteristically emotional words, the coolly competent M.P. for Finchley accepted her triumph as the first woman ever to head a political party in Britain. Winning seven votes more than the mandatory majority of 139, Mrs. Thatcher, who had toppled former Prime Minister Edward Heath from his ten-year reign as Conservative Party chief the week before, soundly defeated a formidable array of four male challengers. Her leading opponent, Party Chairman William Whitelaw, drew only 79 votes.

There was no time for lavish celebrations, however. "We must get down to work instantly," said the hard-driving Mrs. Thatcher. But she did pause to phone her husband, successful, self-effacing Oilman Denis Thatcher. Daughter Carol, 21, was in the middle of law exams at the time of her mother's victory, while her twin brother Mark, a London accountant, was also too busy to be reached until later in the day.

The odds makers who had originally predicted a third-ballot victory for amiable William Whitelaw apparently underestimated the intensity of anti-Heath feeling within the party—a sentiment that damned Whitelaw, who was one of the former Prime Minister's closest party associates. Said one Tory backbencher: "The constituencies were pro-Heath, but in the parliamentary party there were just too many people who couldn't stand him any longer."

Although his election defeats and faltering economic policies were significant factors, in many cases the antipathy to Heath was based on personal

rather than policy differences. "He never knew how to soothe people's egos," said another Tory veteran. "He made enemies needlessly when a bit of patronage, a knighthood to flatter an ego or satisfy the social ambitions of a disgruntled wife, was all that was needed."

One irony of her victory is that in many ways, Margaret Thatcher seems to be Ted Heath's female *Doppelgänger*. Although her garden party hats and porcelain-voweled laments over "the twilight of the middle class" belie it, Mrs. Thatcher shares Heath's relatively humble background—the one the daughter of a Lincolnshire grocer, the other the son of a Kentish carpenter. Both have

Views of a Tory Lady

Can Margaret Thatcher revive Britain's Conservative Party? Her cure is a brisk dose of Tory principles, laid on smartly with a no-nonsense schoolmistress's rod. A sampling of the leader's views:

ON SOCIAL MOBILITY: The charm of Britain has always been the ease with which one can move into the middle class. It has never been simply a matter of income, but of a whole attitude to life, a will to take responsibility for oneself—the middle-class morality that Shaw despised so much. We need those who are going to save money, who are going to do things for themselves.

ON PRIVATE PROPERTY: If a Tory does not believe that private property is one of the main bulwarks of individual freedom, then he had better become a so-

been characterized as being almost frostily reserved and unassailably self-confident. Both owe their political rise to impressive performances as Tory spokesmen on financial affairs. Thatcher in the past few months, Heath in the early '60s. The difference, however—and some fear that it may prove to be a disastrous one for the Tories in the next general election—is that her outlook is several degrees to the right of Heath's. She also has no experience in foreign affairs. When asked her opinions in matters of world diplomacy and defense at a press conference last week, Mrs. Thatcher tartly replied: "I am all for them." Such brevity may be the soul of wit, but it is nonetheless disconcerting in a prospective Prime Minister. Mrs. Thatcher is the first to admit that she is "not an expert in all fields," and she intends to appoint a Cabinet that will provide balance to her own expertise in domestic affairs.

Tory Credo. The more immediate concern of the party's liberal wing, however, is the fear that Mrs. Thatcher's aggressive championing of middle-class values may alienate working-class voters. Under the leadership of Macmillan, Home and Heath, the Conservatives had increasingly modified their traditional commitment to free-market policies, accepting a degree of both social welfare and state interference in business. Mrs. Thatcher wants to reverse that trend and spearhead a return to a more traditional Tory credo: "I believe that a person who is prepared to work harder should receive greater rewards and keep them after tax. I believe that we should back the workers and not the shirkers; that it is not only permissible but praiseworthy to want to benefit your own family by your own efforts."

That bravura statement of Tory faith earned her a standing ovation when she preached it to the annual con-

vention of Young Conservatives recently. But Mrs. Thatcher's zealous championing of individual initiative may not go down well in the depressed towns of the industrial north and Scotland—the two areas where the party must gain strength if it is ever to return to power.

"The choice of Margaret Thatcher is the greatest gamble in the history of the Tory Party," said one former Conservative Cabinet minister. "We will either win magnificently or lose disastrously. I see nothing in between." Her rightward-ho spirit might have more appeal to voters weary of social and economic complexities than her liberal colleagues imagine. But to hedge the bet, they are already taking measures to prevent Mrs. Thatcher from stacking her shadow cabinet with fellow right-wingers.

Tory liberals were particularly adamant in opposing the appointment of Sir Keith Joseph as shadow Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir Keith blundered away his own chance for party leadership by delivering some ill-considered public remarks last fall about what he called the irresponsible breeding habits of Britain's lower classes (*TIME*, Nov. 11). More than Mrs. Thatcher, Sir Keith is a rigid monetarist and an outspoken critic of the welfare state, a position that the Labor Party has used to picture him as a defender of mass unemployment and social misery.

On her first day as party leader, Mrs. Thatcher fixed herself a boiled egg for breakfast in her tiny Flood Street house



MRS. THATCHER TRYING ON HATS IN LONDON SHOP
Zealous champion of individual initiative.

in Chelsea. Then she went to face ten party elders, including Whitelaw and Heath's shadow Chancellor Robert Carr, who warned her that they would refuse to serve in the shadow cabinet if she appointed Sir Keith Chancellor. Since Whitelaw accepted Mrs. Thatcher's offer of party deputy leadership later in the week, it is assumed that Sir Keith will have to settle for a less sensitive portfolio.

Mrs. Thatcher's offer to Heath of a shadow cabinet post was taken as further evidence of her willingness to mute party conflicts. Calling at his Wilton Street house—still under repair after a pre-Christmas I.R.A. bomb blast—she renewed her invitation to have him join her as shadow Foreign Secretary. As she knew in advance that he would, he declined, stating a preference for a less conspicuous backbench perch—perhaps in the hope that if things go badly for Mrs. Thatcher he will be recalled to party leadership.

Thin Smile. The critical scrutiny that Mrs. Thatcher can expect to receive from her own party will hardly compare to the dressing-down Labor will try to inflict upon her as leader of the opposition. Perhaps exhausted by the tension of the past two weeks, she seemed unprepared to deal with Prime Minister Harold Wilson's irrepressible gamesmanship in their first parliamentary encounter. Admitting a "deep glow between her and me in political philosophy," Wilson said that he nevertheless "looked forward to the informality and, if I may say so, the intimacy of our meetings behind [the House Speaker's] chair." As male members roared at this chauvinist double-entendre, Mrs. Thatcher's polite fixed smile seemed to wear a little thin. But she is unlikely to be caught off balance often. Even senior Labor M.P.s concede that with her rapier-sharp forensic skills, she is likely to prove a very formidable opponent at the dispatch box.

cialist and have done with it. Indeed, one of the reasons for our electoral failure is that people believe that too many Conservatives have become socialists already. Britain's progress toward socialism has been an alternation of two steps forward with half a step back.

ON DEFENDING "MIDDLE-CLASS INTERESTS": If middle-class values include the encouragement of variety and individual choice, the provision of incentives and rewards for skill and hard work, the maintenance of effective barriers against the excessive power of the state and a belief in the wide distribution of individual private property, then they are certainly what I am trying to defend.

WHY THE TORIES LOST: We lost [October 1974] because we did not appear to stand firmly for anything distinctive and positive. Sneering at "middle-class val-

ues" is to insult the working class no less than the bourgeois. Do British workers have no feeling for freedom, for order, for the education of their children, for the right to work without disruption by political militants? Of course they do, and if they are no more than cash-grabbing anarchists, then we must try to show them the way back to sanity.

ON TORY STRATEGY: To listen, to lead, that is our role. Listen to the younger generation: they don't want equality and regimentation. Listen to working families the length and breadth of Britain: they don't want growing state direction of their lives. Listen to the men and women at work: they don't want to be propped up by subsidies. To deny that we failed the people is futile as well as arrogant. Successful governments win elections. So do parties with broadly acceptable policies. We lost.



DEMONSTRATORS IN NICOSIA PROTESTING TURKISH-CYPRIOT PROCLAMATION BY RAUF DENKTAS (RIGHT)



CYPRUS

Separation: A Sense of Betrayal

The strife-torn island of Cyprus was hit by yet another crisis last week. As hundreds of cheering Turkish Cypriots listened over loudspeakers in Nicosia, their acknowledged political leader, Rauf Denktaş, announced the formation of a separate federal state in the Turkish-occupied northern sector (see map). Denktaş, 51, who will head up the new state, offered to join with Greek Cypriots in a federation if they should choose to form a similar state. But he flatly declared that "there is no possibility of living together with the Greek-Cypriot co-founders of the Republic of Cyprus." A 50-member constituent assembly, he added, would begin work immediately on a new constitution.

Turkish Invasion. The action in effect ratified the *de facto* partition of the island forged by the Turkish invasion forces last July. At that time, Turkish Cypriots, who constitute one-fifth of the island's 620,000 population, won control over 40% of the country's land, including most of its natural and economic resources. About 200,000 Cypriots, mostly Greeks, were forced to leave their homes and become refugees.

Denktaş' statement hit the Greek-Cypriot community like a bombshell. Thousands of demonstrators poured into the streets, shouting, "Give us weapons to fight! No to partition!" To forestall a violent attack like the one that took place last August, in which U.S. Ambassador Roger Davies was killed, Greek Cypriot troops hastily moved into positions around the American embassy.

There was no violence, but the

Greek-Cypriot sense of betrayal could hardly have been deeper. Earlier in the week Archbishop Makarios, the prelate President of the constitutional Cyprus government, had approved a plan that would have created a "substantial" Turkish zone in northern Cyprus—a major concession—and would have allowed permanent settlement of Turkish refugees in the north. Glafkos Clerides, negotiator for the Greek Cypriots, insisted that major areas now under Turkish occupation must be restored to Greek control in order that some of the Greek refugees might be resettled.

After Denktaş' proclamation, Makarios denounced the "utter contempt" the Turkish Cypriots had shown for the negotiations and requested an urgent session of the United Nations Security Council; it is expected to begin debate on the issue this week. As for partition, Makarios added, Greek Cypriots would "resist and if necessary sacrifice" themselves to prevent it.

Reaction in Athens was equally bitter. As Greek warships and planes headed out to sea to protect contested waters between Greece and Turkey, Premier Constantine Karamanlis denounced the Turkish-Cypriot action as a "new Turkish coup." Although Greek defense officials acknowledged their inability to land successfully any kind of expeditionary force on Cyprus, one military commander in Athens warned that the situation was "only a breath" away from war.

For the U.S., which found itself in the awkward position of having alien-

ated both of its crucial allies on NATO's eastern flank, the crisis could hardly have come at a worse moment. Only the week before, Turkey had threatened to close American bases and reassess its participation in NATO in response to Congress's cutoff of U.S. military aid (TIME, Feb. 17). Moreover, the confrontation came just as U.S. relations with Athens were on the mend. Said George Mavros, chief opposition leader in the Greek Parliament: "It's unprecedented. I blame [Secretary of State Henry] Kissinger, and I blame [Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei] Gromyko. They have been talking about stability and peace and a fair solution on Cyprus. What do we have tonight? The eastern Mediterranean in a shambles." A senior American naval officer concurred: "The entire American posture is in disarray. If we suddenly found that we were involved in any kind of shooting situation, the cost would be enormous in terms of effort and lives."

U.S. diplomats on Cyprus see partition as a surefire prescription for a prolonged guerrilla war along the tightly guarded border that slices across the island and its ancient walled capital of Nicosia. Nonetheless, Turkish Cypriots last week stepped up resettlement efforts in their acquired territory. Shortly before Denktaş proclaimed a separate state, TIME Correspondent Erik Amfi-theofat paid a visit to the Turkish section and sent this report.

Backed by the Ankara government and by some 35,000 Turkish soldiers, a separate Turkish-Cypriot homeland has come into being in a blaze of nationalistic ardor. The red Turkish flag with the white crescent and star flutters from minarets, from official buildings, and from the historic St. Hilarion Castle atop the Kyrenia range. On every second building, signs proclaim: "What we have gained by blood we shall build by sweat."

The Turkish-Cypriot administration has tried to parcel out former Greek property equitably—though there have been inevitable charges of favoritism. Each Greek house has a code painted near the front door, consisting of a letter followed by a number. Final selection has been accomplished by a sort of raffle. Unless a house had been looted, the refugees found it was fully furnished down to linen, clothing and dishes. The

fleeing Greek families had stopped only long enough to scoop up money, jewelry and blankets.

A sense of violation is inherent in this mass transfer of villages, streets, houses and bedrooms. A Turkish-Cypriot policeman, Sermet Kani, 45, told of the eerie feeling of intrusion when he and his wife moved into their new house in Trikomo four months ago and found the previous owners' wedding pictures. "It is disturbing to think about living in a house where other people were living

and to think of some Greek family living in our old house at Paphos," said Kani. "But we feel secure here. I would never go back."

Barely settled into new quarters, many of them hope that the partition of the two communities will become permanent. Businessman Ahmet Gazioglu, 44, likens the island of Cyprus to a house occupied by two families. Says he: "We can share the same kitchen and living room with the Greeks, but we must sleep apart."

rection on the democratization of the country. There is great instability in Portugal, and it is necessary that we avoid it through the constitution." The constituent assembly's deliberations on the constitution are expected to last three months. Then a second election, either for a Parliament or for a President—depending on which form of government the assembly chooses—will be held, probably in the fall.

Most of the parties that were formed in the wake of the April revolution are still in the process of organization. Radical fringe groups, notably the Maoist Movement for the Reorganization of the Proletariat Party (M.R.P.P.), have been in the forefront of Lisbon street demonstrations, but they have not necessarily made the most impact. Sample polls last month showed the middle-of-the-road Popular Democratic Party and the conservative Center Social Democratic Party leading with 30% of the vote each; the Socialists were close behind with 25%. The leading political groups:

► The Popular Democratic Party (P.D.P.), which is a member of the provisional coalition government along with the Socialists and the Communists, represented the "liberal" wing of the subservient National Assembly during the Caetano regime. Party Leader Francisco Sá Carneiro, 40, defends its participation in politics under the dictatorship as "a struggle from within." The P.D.P. espouses a Swedish-style "social democracy" and membership in the European Common Market.

► The Portuguese Socialist Party (P.S.P.) draws its support from the upper and middle classes, civil servants and students. It favors limited nationalization of basic industries, agrarian reform, and keeping Portugal in NATO. Party Leader Soares, 50, who spent six years in exile in Paris before the revolution, has emerged as one of the country's most respected politicians for his role in negotiating the decoloniza-

PORTUGAL

Shaping a Dynamic Future

The young officers of the Armed Forces Movement who engineered last April's revolution promised elections within a year—and last week they made good on that promise. From his desk in Lisbon's pink stucco Belém Palace, President Francisco da Costa Gomes announced that the government had set April 12 as the date for Portugal's first free elections in 49 years. The balloting for a constituent assembly to draft a new constitution, Costa Gomes said on TV, marked "a fundamental milestone" on the path to democracy. Cautioning voters against extremists of both the left and right, he added that "not to vote is to betray the people. Don't be ashamed of your lack of political culture, which has always been denied you. Now you must discuss, listen, read, talk and study the party programs."

In some ways, the presidential injunction seemed superfluous: Portugal has been bristling with political activity since the overthrow of the Caetano dictatorship, as if the people were making up for the decades when any kind of political activity was banned. The once sparkling white walls of Lisbon are disfigured by thousands of peeling political posters; radio and television devote seemingly endless hours to political debates, and most newspapers are little more than partisan broadsheets. There is a rally almost every day by at least one of the country's more than 50 parties.

New Freedoms. In some rural areas, where illiteracy is high, people are still not confident about their new freedoms. In an attempt to explain what the election means, the Armed Forces Movement launched a program last month called *dinamização* (dynamization). Army commandos with tanks, planes, trucks and landing barges went into remote regions, putting on exhibition maneuvers to get people together. Explains Captain João Carlos Albuquerque Pinto: "Our teams are apolitical. We only explain democracy. Later the political parties can reach the population themselves. We just tell the people that they can now speak freely because there are no secret police."

The big problem in the weeks ahead will be to keep partisanship from getting out of hand. So far, there has been only one major clash. That occurred last month in the northwestern city of Oporto when thousands of leftists besieged a congress of the conservative Center Social Democratic Party and paratroopers had to be called in. The Communists are the party most likely to run into campaigning difficulties. They have no problems in areas south of the Tagus River, where the people are generally anticlerical. Things are different in northern Portugal, a closed, quasi-medieval society, where the Roman Catholic Church is strong, priests tend to be reactionary, and typical graffiti are likely to be something along the order of *Queremos a Deus* (We love God). Priests have been threatening excommunication of anyone who plans to vote Communist.

The Armed Forces Movement has vowed to guarantee that each political group will enjoy the right to freedom of assembly, a move that is generally approved by all factions. Said Foreign Minister (and head of the Socialist Party) Mario Soares last week: "We need the force of the M.F.A. to impose di-

PORTUGUESE PARATROOPER DESCRIBING ELECTION PROCESS TO VILLAGERS



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tion of Portugal's African territories.

► The Center Social Democratic Party (C.D.S.) is the largest conservative group, with strong links to Portugal's old mercantile class, and a prime target of the radical left, which sees it as a front for "fascist reactionaries." The party derives its support largely from Lisbon businessmen and small farmers in the conservative north; it advocates free enterprise, backs NATO and closer ties with the Common Market.

► The Portuguese Communist Party (P.C.P.), whose 36-man Central Committee collectively racked up more than 300 years in jail under the old regime, has benefited from the tight organization established when the party worked underground. Despite years in prison and exile, Party Chief Alvaro Cunhal, 60, Minister Without Portfolio in the provisional government, has become the best-known politician in the country. The Communist program is relatively moderate, calling for agrarian reform and nationalization of banks and insurance companies. Its heaviest support comes from workers and tenant farmers in the impoverished Alentejo region in the south.

The political uncertainties that lie ahead seem to bother Portugal's allies abroad more than they bother the Portuguese themselves. Most people are confident that the elections will come off as planned and that foreign fears about the country's going far leftist or Communist are vastly exaggerated. General Carlos Galvão de Melo, a conservative supporter of the junta's first president, General António de Spínola, states flatly that "there will be no leftist takeover." Recent polls in fact show the Communists and their affiliates getting no more than 12% of the vote.

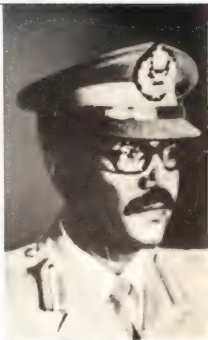
SOVIET UNION

Brezhnev Redux

"How nice to see you again," said British Prime Minister Harold Wilson to Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, when they met in the Kremlin last week. "Have you been resting?" Brezhnev brushed off the loaded question with a wave of the hand. "I'll explain about that later." As if to dispel reports that he had been stricken with pneumonia and a variety of other respiratory ailments, the Soviet leader nonchalantly lit a cigarette. "One of my faults," he conceded.

Thus were seven weeks of rumors dissipated in a puff of smoke. Since Brezhnev vanished from public view on Dec. 24, he has been widely reported to be medically and politically moribund. Some Kremlinologists predicted that if he failed to greet Wilson, who was making his first state visit to Moscow in seven years, that would confirm the direst of long-distance diagnoses. On the eve of the British Prime Minister's visit, the respected Paris daily *Le Monde* cited "informed Soviet sources" as saying that Brezhnev had suffered a "brutal" relapse from cancer, or, alternatively, cardiovascular disease. Other sources speculated that the party chief had lost the power of speech.

Not so. Ebullient as ever, looking vigorous and rested (not to mention 10 lbs. lighter), Brezhnev discussed European security, trade and the Middle East with Wilson. Although his voice seemed a bit more slurred than usual, he made a 20-minute speech before Soviet television cameras, giving the impression of a man who was fit and in command—at least as far as anyone could see.



ETHIOPIAN JUNTA CHAIRMAN TEFERI

ETHIOPIA

Fighting Rebels And Royalists

All last week in Ethiopia's northern province of Eritrea, warfare continued between government forces and rebel soldiers who belong to the Eritrean Liberation Front, a well-armed Moslem guerrilla organization which is dedicated to winning Eritrea's independence from Ethiopia. The situation was summed up by a Western diplomat in Addis Ababa: "The country could fall apart one night."

While the fighting went on in the outskirts of Asmara, the Eritrean capital, the rebels were reported to have blown up an important bridge at Keren, on the road to the Sudan to the west. In a drive to cut off the road from the port city of Assab on the Red Sea, the main source of Ethiopia's oil, the guerrillas warned truck drivers: "Put your nose out of town and you will be roasted alive!" Nonetheless, government troops tried to consolidate their hold on Asmara. Refugees, many leading donkeys or pushing wheelbarrows laden with pots and pans, straggled from the city past government tanks and machine-gun positions. At week's end the estimate of soldiers and civilians killed in the civil war had risen to 3,000. There were also reports from Khartoum that Ethiopia had accepted a three-point proposal for a cease-fire in Eritrea proposed by the Sudanese government.

As if the fighting in Eritrea were not crisis enough, the military government in Addis Ababa—whose front man is Brigadier General Tefari Benti—also had to contend with a series of royalist revolts that stemmed from its over-



WILSON (LEFT) & BENEDETO BREZHNEV (RIGHT) IN MOSCOW WITH SOVIET INTERPRETER
Seven weeks of rumor went up in a puff of cigarette smoke.

throw of Emperor Haile Selassie last September.

General Negategegne, formerly on the side of the ruling military council, has defected and joined forces with Ras Mengesha Seyoum, the deposed governor of Tigre province, which adjoins Eritrea. Mengesha, a distant relative of Haile Selassie, has an armed band of more than 4,000 peasants. Near Menz, some 85 miles north of the capital, two other aristocratic revolutionaries, Merid and Mesfin Biru, recently wiped out a government battalion.

Considering the circumstances, the inexperienced military rulers in Addis Ababa were understandably jittery—as shown by their treatment last week of TIME Correspondent Eric Robins, who flew into Addis Ababa from Nairobi, tried to file a dispatch and was interrogated and inexplicably imprisoned by Ethiopian secret police.

Wall Scrawl. "The fetid 10 ft. by 10 ft. cell was windowless, barred and infested with cockroaches, fleas and mosquitoes," Robins later reported of his temporary residence. "A single yellowed bulb in the ceiling burned throughout the night as all the dogs in Christendom howled round us. On the cracked wall opposite the bed there had been scrawled in two-inch letters, *MAN WILL DIE BUT THE CAUSE WILL LIVE*."

"At morning exercise, a cockney occupant told me cheerfully, 'They don't often let their victim go too early, mate.' But at 10 o'clock I was taken before the chubby commandant, who blandly asked if I had had a good night. Then he told me that I would be put on the noon flight out of Addis Ababa. He also asked when I might be back in Ethiopia. I replied that I thought that it probably rested a good deal with him."

MEXICO

Echeverría: "Forming A New Nation"

Luis Echeverría Álvarez, 53, is Mexico's first reformist President in 30 years. Since his election in 1970, he has committed his administration to closing the economic gap between the poor and lagging rural population and the well-to-do urban classes. It is a race against time. Uncorrected, these inequities could plunge Mexico into a revolution potentially as traumatic as the bloody 1910 revolution that took over a million lives.

Echeverría's ambitious reform program, which includes modernizing governmental machinery, fighting corruption, uplifting the rural sector, and tax and banking reforms, has been opposed by businessmen and conservatives within his own party, the P.R.I. (Partido Revolucionario Institucional). Not to mention Mexico's political bureaucracy. The President spends much time traveling round the country on what he calls *gi-*

ras de trabajo (working tours), during which he spends hours listening to the problems of *campesinos* and calling on the people to support his liberal reforms. He has also traveled more widely abroad than his predecessors, having visited 21 countries during four years in office.

In recent years, the U.S. has tended to take its southern neighbor pretty much for granted. That day may be over. The discovery of large oil reserves late last year has already enabled Mexico to become an important exporter of oil. But Mexico says it has no intention of joining OPEC, and Echeverría is on record as saying Mexico will sell its oil to whoever wishes to buy it.

Time Inc. Editor in Chief Hedley Donovan and Mexico City Bureau Chief Bernard Diederich interviewed Echeverría at Los Pinos, his official residence in wooded Chapultepec Park in the heart of Mexico City. "No longer is the President's residence a show place of expensive imported European furnishings as it has been in the past," cabled Diederich. "Instead, each of the public rooms is a permanent exhibition of folk art and crafts from all of Mexico's 31 states and territories. It is a fitting setting, for these days bare-legged Tarahumara Indians from the Sierra Madre or huarache-wearing *campesinos* from the state of Sonora in the north are just as likely to be found with Mexico's chief executive as local and foreign notables." Excerpts from the interview

ON HIS ADMINISTRATION'S GOALS: The essential theme of this administration has been its policy of dialogue, of being open to the aspirations of all sectors—the *campesinos*, the workers, the students, the entrepreneurs—to say to them that the President must be a coordinator within the limits of freedom. We are engaged in the formation of a new nation. I've been only moderately reformist, unfortunately. I would have liked to have had more capabilities to stimulate the economy.

ON RELATIONS WITH THE U.S.: They are very good. But in daily economic relations—the problems of prices, imports and exports, possible investment, the conditions of acquiring technology—we in Latin America and particularly Mexico are confronted with a dilemma. We either open up to the economic investments, life-style and psychological attitudes, all for the economic development of the U.S.—in which case we are favoring a process of colonization—or we try to exploit our natural resources and seek alliances in our own self-interest.

I think that [Washington's] understanding of Mexico and the rest of Latin America has improved much in recent years, but the U.S. Government must consider the interests of the big American companies, and that creates a problem. I think we should say to them, "Look, seek out ways of cooperation with each country in a worldwide pro-

gram of development." I have expanded our diplomatic relations and commercial exchanges [with countries other than the U.S.] in order not only to follow the model of development of the powerful American economy, but also to search for forms of [social] orchestration more in harmony with a poor people. We are looking for new markets outside the U.S.—in Western Europe, Japan, the People's Republic of China and other socialist countries.

ON OIL AND THE MIDDLE EAST CONFLICT: Mexico has taken no specific position on the Middle East conflict nor on the question of the sale of oil by Arab countries, although we benefit from the prices established by OPEC. However, we espouse the thesis of the Charter of Economic Rights and Duties of States [which Mexico sponsored in the United Nations].* This is really a proposition for a world of cooperation, a pac-



PRESIDENT LUIS ECHEVERRÍA
Trying to close the gap.

first document to establish cooperation between the big industrial countries and the nonindustrialized ones.

ON MEXICO'S FUTURE: In the remaining two years of my term [he cannot by law succeed himself], I'm hoping to achieve more effective development of rural areas. That is our fundamental problem. But when there is a feeling that there are ways to deal with problems, there is the capacity to wait and a spirit of sacrifice, which is essential.

I would like to have as my successor a person who would continue with the reforms I have begun and carry them much further.

*The charter, which recognizes every nation's sovereignty over its natural resources and economic activities, was approved by the General Assembly in December by a vote of 120 to 6.



JULIET PROWSE PLAYS EVE

What is that naked lady doing in a fashion show? **Juliet Prowse**, 38, in the buff will be the highlight of this year's Fashion Awards, to be aired on March 19 on ABC. It is not intended to be an insult to the winners, who include Designers **Bill Blass**, **Calvin Klein** and **Ralph Lauren**, but simply a moment in the history of fashion. "It's a musical montage-type thing, starting with a naked Eve and back full circle to almost naked in a string bikini," explains Juliet. There is apparently no danger of a network furor over Eve sporting nothing but an apple. After all, says Juliet, "we see so much on TV these days."

Learning, learning all the time are brother and sister **Warren Beatty**, 37, and **Shirley MacLaine**, 40. Shirley has just finished a book of self-discovery, which took place mostly during her 1973 trip to China with eleven other women. Now she plans to play **Amelia Earhart** in a movie. But before getting down to work, she stopped by to see a Manhattan screening of Warren's latest film, *Shampoo*, a comedy about a hairdresser's sex life. In it he claims "to challenge the assumption that a hypersexual character—a Don Juan—is acting out of anger or misogynist feelings or latent homo-

sexuality." Despite Warren's machismo and Shirley's feminism, the two exchanged a warm kiss while one member of the audience pronounced herself sold on Warren's philosophy. Said Actress **Sylvia Miles**: "I've been going to the wrong hairdresser."

Behind that painted grin and black button nose was **Paul McCartney**. Together with his wife **Linda**, 33, and their three children, **Paul**, 32, was enjoying **Mardi Gras** in New Orleans. Thoroughly disguised as a manic clown, he cavorted down St. Charles Avenue and watched the Rex parade. The McCartneys have been secluded in New Orleans since mid-January, and this was their coming-out party, using local jazz musicians. **Linda** plays along on the organ. **Paul** was so impressed by the festivities that he wrote a new song, *My Carnival*, for his album. As to why they came to New Orleans, "It's a little crazy," says **Paul**.

Little **Yasser Colbert** of Philadelphia was being given a provocative start in life. "Dear Mr. Arafat," began the handwritten letter to Palestinian Liberation Leader **Yasser Arafat** in Beirut. "We decided to name our son after you because we were so impressed with your speech at the U.N." Proud Parents Mr. and Mrs. **Robert Colbert** even sent along a picture of their chubby baby, which Arafat shared with Beirut newspaper readers last week. Nor did he waste time letting the Colberts know how pleased he was: "I pondered your nice picture," he wrote. "Let me tell you that many children in the world are born good like you, but many, when they grow up, lose their good will toward our people." **Yasser Colbert** is not likely to. The

whole affair was a hoax perpetrated by a determined autograph collector, **Robert Colbert**, an out-of-work machine operator. He had tried the same trick without success on Presidents **Kennedy** and **Nixon** and Vice President **Rockefeller**, using a picture of his son **Robert**, now 12, when he was a baby. **Robert** likes his shifting names. Says he gleefully: "I guess I'm the most famous baby in the world right now. I'm more popular with my friends: I guess they think I'm a celebrity."

The velvet voice still purrs with gentle sadism, and at around 350 lbs., **Orson Welles**' presence is more commanding than ever. But gone is the baby-faced villainy that made **Harry Lime** and Mr. **Rochester** essays of anarchy, and muffled is the sly sardonic spirit with which **Welles**, as a 24-year-old *enfant terrible*, created *Citizen Kane*. Even as a tired



MCCARTNEYS AT MARDI GRAS



SHIRLEY KISSES WARREN

king of the jungle, though. Welles, now 59, easily dominated the festivities at Los Angeles' Century Plaza Hotel where the American Film Institute gave him its Life Achievement Award. Before an audience of 1,200, including **Frank Sinatra**, **Charlton Heston** and **Joseph Cotten**, Welles was the picture of graciousness. "What I feel this evening is the opposite of emptiness," he said, as he accepted the award "in the name of mavericks everywhere." Then he dandled on

his knee another *enfant terrible* and early Oscar winner **Tatum O'Neal** saying "You're terrific."

"There's no starch at his dinners," said one Washington partygoer approvingly of Iranian Ambassador **Ardeshtir Zahedi**, 46. Once married to the Shah's daughter Princess Shahnaz, Zahedi has since 1973 been cultivating a playboy image. His friends say they are convinced his mission is simply to demonstrate the Iranian way of swinging. Zahedi likes to give lavish parties where he showers his friends with "yum-yum," his favorite word for caviar, champagne and diamonds. His wooing techniques are quaint. Recently, Zahedi startled a blonde with a chorus of "kitchy-kitchy-koos" over the dinner table. And Columnist **Maxine Cheshire** reported a scene straight out of *The Merry Widow*: As **Cristina Ford** was leaving a Washington party, Zahedi cupped her hands, splashed them with champagne and then kissed each drop away.

"It's primitive. You're saying, 'I'm here on earth,'" explained Tap Dancer **Tommy Tune**, 35. When Tommy's long legs touch the Plexiglas T-shaped stage at the Manhattan cabaret where he opened his song-and-dance act this week, he seems cons away from the cavemen who, he theorizes, were his original foretappers. "I do urban tap," says Tommy as he dances away to rock, jazz and the shuffle. Effective onstage, his height (6 ft. 6 in.) is bothersome off. "At 19½ hands, I have to be careful in life to avoid accidents," he acknowledges. Fortunately, he has found a high loft, "Giraffe House," in Manhattan, which just fits him. He has also found the ideal partner: **Twiggy**. They appeared together in *The Boy Friend* in 1971, and are planning a movie of their own to be called *Gotta Sing, Gotta Dance*. Says Tune: "Twig is my favorite. We have the same body, only I'm a foot taller."

"She's very game," said an approving manager, as **Diana Ross**, 30, hit the water for the second time. On location in Rome for her first nonsinging movie, *Mahogany*, Diana plays a fashion model put through the perils of Pauline by an ambitious photographer (**Tony Perkins**). Diana designed all the 25 costumes she wears in the film herself, but she hardly has a chance to show them off, so busy is she avoiding disaster. In one scene, she walks away unscathed from a car



ROSS ON LOCATION IN ROME

crash, while in another she dives into the Fontana di Paola. Surfacing in icy water, all Diana could do was sputter. Gearing up for a retake, she said, "Asking me to do that scene again was like telling me to stab myself a second time."

Queen Elizabeth II was in her counting house counting up the money when suddenly she found she could not make ends meet on her annual allowance of \$2.3 million. Inflation, you know. Funny thing, her subjects were in a similar financial bind. But the Labor government told the trade unions to moderate their demands, else "Britain would be bankrupt." The Queen was luckier. Prime Minister **Harold Wilson** asked Parliament to increase the Queen's pay to nearly 3 million for the maintenance of her household. In the outcry that followed, the country's richest woman diplomatically announced that \$350,000 from her own private fortune will meet the budget gap expected even after the raise that this time around is sure to be confirmed by Parliament. Next step, who knows? Buck House would make a nice block of luxury flats and Windsor an ideal conference center. As for the Queen's Keeper of the Swans, he may just have to look for another position.



WELLES WITH TATUM O'NEAL



TOMMY TUNE TAPPING AWAY IN MANHATTAN



Retailing Optimism

The cameras are in place. So is the Pan-Cake makeup. Cue the lights. Ready on the fountains. Action. "This is the day God has made," beams the Rev. Robert Schuller as he bounds toward the pulpit. A glass panel separating the walk-in sanctuary from the drive-in sanctuary lumbers open. As a dozen fountains spurt skyward, a collective sigh from 1,700 worshippers at Garden Grove Community Church in Southern California announces the start of another *Hour of Power*.

Aired in 45 major cities to an audience of 2.5 million, the *Hour* is rare among TV services in its appeal to the unchurched. Instead of theology, a Schuller sermon is packed with success stories, accented by alliterative slogans and an "I'm O.K.—you're O.K." philosophy. He calls it "possibility thinking" to distinguish it a bit from the "positive thinking" of his friend the Rev. Norman Vincent Peale. Good Christians, Schuller intones, are "act-chievers" who "try-umph" over pessimism. "I don't trust skeptics, no matter how brilliant their words," he says. "I trust Jesus. He was the greatest possibility thinker that ever lived."

Shopping Center. To Schuller, "the church is in the business of retailing religion." If so, he is running one of the fastest-growing stores in the country. His 7,000-member congregation attracts 800 new members a year. He receives more than 10,000 letters each week from admirers, including Doris Day and Hubert Humphrey. The modern church, which he describes as "a 22-acre shopping center for Jesus Christ," is fast becoming a magnet for success-seeking clergymen. Schuller's biggest push for clerical recognition comes this week as he presides over a Convocation on Church Growth for 400 leaders from around the U.S.

Though Schuller decided to become a minister as a five-year-old Iowa farm boy, and was later ordained by the Reformed Church in America, his religion business did not take off till he arrived in California two decades ago. He had

little more than a \$500 grant from his denomination and a simple credo: "Find a need and fill it, find a hurt and heal it." The hurt, he reasoned, was greatest among agnostic transients flooding the West. The need was a drive-in church to serve this mobile culture. So Schuller rented a drive-in theater near Disneyland. Using established retailing techniques, he rang

3,000 doorbells looking for customers, bought strategic land near a freeway, put in enough asphalt for 1,400 cars, and erected a 90-ft. cross on top of a 15-story Tower of Hope.

Schuller's accommodations for the suburban middle class and its cars keep his shopping center full. At the various Sunday services, a total of 2,200 children attend classes in the Tower, 4,400 adults pack the glass-walled sanctuary and another 1,600 sit outside bumper to bumper, listening in on car radios. Undoubtedly, many are tourists drawn by such attractions as the twelve fountains (one for each apostle), the crown of thorns plant, and the "still waters" reflecting ponds.

But most members, two-thirds of whom have had no prior church membership, come because of the wide-ranging community-service programs. When studies showed a high illiteracy rate in Orange County, the church started a reading class. Schuller began a separate ministry to singles after census reports established that they make up two-fifths of the region's population. A 24-hour telephone crisis service handles 20,000 calls a year—a number of them from potential suicides. The budget for all church and TV operations is \$4.8 million a year; Schuller's pay is \$23,759.

A lithe 48-year-old who runs seven miles each morning, Schuller now aims to instill optimism in his fellow clergymen. Besides this week's conference, he runs other church leadership seminars at which clerical and lay leaders get massive doses of possibility thinking, together with cassettes of Schuller speeches and pictures posed with Schuller. Says he from the platform of his \$3 million sanctuary: "Nothing weighs heavier on my heart than despairing church leaders. I can't believe that Pope Paul said recently the church was going to die. I pray daily for him."

Cop-Out. Schuller's formula for church success consists of five points: "Accessibility, service, visibility, possibility thinking and excess parking." Some churchmen find that too shallow. "This church doesn't take religion seriously enough," complains Bob Merkle, the director of a counseling service who works with the church. "To fit in around here you have to be compulsively cheerful." The erudite *Theology Today* has been debating whether Schuller's message is a cultural cop-out.

Behind his ever-smiling televangelist image, Schuller does worry about attacks on his lack of depth. "In order to communicate, you have to compromise your intelligence," he explains. "On Sunday morning I'm in the emergency room with people dying and in pain. I can't be self-indulgent and talk about

"He didn't"

ROBERT SCHULLER PREACHING "POSSIBILITY THINKING"



juicy (theological and social) issues." In any case, plans for a new 4,000-seat sanctuary, a 200-unit senior citizens' center, and expanded TV syndication leave Schuller little time for self-doubt, even if he were so inclined.

A Time to Talk

On the day before Lent began, Ronald Sobel became the first Jewish rabbi to enter the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral, the New York City citadel of Roman Catholicism. After he spoke, hundreds of congregants strode 15 blocks up Fifth Avenue to Sobel's Temple Emanu-El—something of a cathedral for Reform Judaism—to hear Monsignor James Rigney, rector of St. Patrick's parish.

The pulpit exchange inaugurated a year in which members of the two famous congregations will meet each month to discuss candidly such controversial issues as Israel, abortion, and parochial school aid. Similar dialogues have occurred in many cities, but this is the first sponsored by the Archdiocese of New York. An accompanying statement urged other local churches and synagogues to start discussions. The statement promises that Catholics will shun trying to make converts in the talks, but stops short of endorsing the Jewish position that all proselytism is wrong. Though no joint worship will be held, St. Patrick's and Emanu-El hope to develop cooperative efforts against social injustice and what they consider "rampant" immorality in New York City.

Mobutu as Messiah

It sounded like something out of Stalin's Russia or Communist China: a head of government threatening to shut down Roman Catholic churches in his nation. But that warning comes this month from Zaire's President Mobutu Sese Seko, a baptized Catholic whose nation has the largest Christian population in Africa. Mobutu says he will close any church whose priest does not stick to spiritual matters and keep silent on public issues, and there is little reason to doubt that he means it. His words follow some very specific works.

Since Mobutu decreed his African "authenticity" campaign three years ago, Zaire's Christians have suffered increasingly harsh restrictions. The government not only banned all religious youth organizations but even church periodicals and radio programs—a severe handicap in a nation with the travel and communications problems of far-flung Zaire. The government plans to shut down the three important seminaries at the national university in Kinshasa at the end of the school year. It has also seized control of elementary and secondary schools—most of which are church-run—and prohibited them from teaching religion classes. The mobutism is being filled with courses on Mobutism



MOBUTU PRAYING AT MASS (1961)
Banishing Christmas.

Mobutu explains: "The walls of such schools are decorated with photographs of Pope Paul and crosses, while they do not have photographs of the President. Zaire children must first know of the man who sacrifices night and day for their happiness."

While Zaire's 6.5 million Protestants are affected, the main target of Mobutu's campaign is the large and pervasive Roman Catholic Church, 9.6 million strong. Catholicism has temporal as well as spiritual power (besides the schools, priests and nuns run many hospitals and social services) and it is the only force in the nation tied to a non-Zairean authority, the Papacy. Catholic independence clashes with Mobutu's effort to unify the nation by cultivating a semi-religious devotion to himself and his government. Some observers trace his fear of Catholic social influence to 1970, when the high-living Mobutu attended a Mass at which Joseph Cardinal Malula preached that Zaire's ruling class was enriching itself and ignoring the people's misery. His new threat to close churches followed a protest from Zaire's bishops, not only against the end of religion classes but against any hint that salvation comes through Mobutu rather than Jesus Christ.

New Cult. In building his new cult, Mobutu has gone so far as to ban Christmas as a national holiday. Some followers even printed hymns in newspapers that substituted Mobutu's name for that of Jesus Christ. In December the state press agency announced that the nation's single political party "must henceforth be considered as a church, and its founder a messiah." Messiah or no, the president himself last month modestly rejected the ultimate title: "Mobutu does not think he is God."

The Missing 23

As a news story, the war in Southeast Asia has lost much of its importance in recent years, but journalists have a compelling reason not to forget it. Twenty-three reporters and photographers are still missing in Indochina.

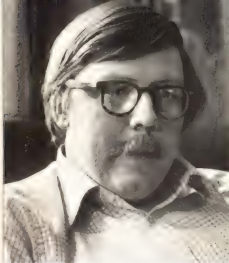
At a reunion last week of about 150 of their colleagues at Manhattan's International Center of Photography, officers of the American Committee to Free Journalists Held in Southeast Asia reported that a number of the newsmen may still be alive. They are thought to be in the hands of insurgent Khmers Rouges forces in Cambodia, where most of the 23 disappeared after the 1970 U.S. invasion. Committee Chairman Walter Cronkite said that the group was continuing to press diplomats and travelers in Southeast Asia for word of the missing, and had even been approached by a private U.S. intelligence firm that proposed assembling a mercenary force to recapture them. The plan, which would have cost the news organizations that fund the committee about \$2 million, was rejected.

Not all those at the reunion were satisfied that either force or quiet diplomacy would bring the missing journalists back. Some Indochina hands argued that the prisoners would never be returned as long as the U.S. continued to prop up the Lon Nol government. Others were less political; Louise Stone—wife of Freelance Photographer Dana Stone, who was on assignment for CBS News—announced that she is preparing her own mission on foot through the area in Cambodia where her husband was last seen in 1970.

Miners' Maverick

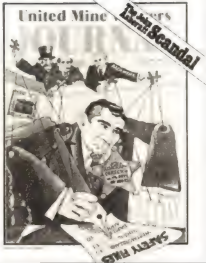
A crusading fortnightly journal last month exposed the derelictions of John Ashcraft, director of the West Virginia department of mines. Ashcraft, the magazine alleged, gentled mammoth coal companies with only token fines for safety violations, while at the same time violating the law himself by failing to meet the required minimum qualifications for a mine safety inspector. As a result, a committee of the West Virginia state senate will decide this week whether to recommend Ashcraft's impeachment. The aggressive publication that dug out these facts is hardly a national name, though among the miners of Appalachia and labor experts across the country it is well known. It is the United Mine Workers Journal (circ. 230,000), possibly the brightest union publication around today.

Just a few years ago, the U.M.W. Journal was more useful for kindling than news. It lavished all of its reporting on the U.M.W.'s corrupt president,



EDITOR DON STILLMAN

A union publication that behaves like an independent magazine.



U.M.W. JOURNAL EXPOSE

now convicted Murderer W.A. ("Tony") Boyle. In one memorable issue in May 1969, the *Journal* got so carried away with its neo-Stalinist sycophancy that it ran 32 separate pictures of Boyle in the magazine's 24 pages, including one photograph of Boyle standing in front of a picture of himself.

Present Shock. That all ended, however, after Reformer Arnold Miller running on a platform of union democracy, beat Boyle in 1972 and appointed his press secretary, Don Stillman, 29, a Columbia University School of Journalism graduate, to the *Journal's* editorship. A stocky, plain-spoken journalist with a passion for fair reporting, Stillman rushed the *Journal* through present shock. He improved the layout, introduced four-color covers, hired a staff photographer whose job included investigative work, and stopped running the magazine as a presidential patsy. "But the No. 1 change," explained Stillman, "is that we place our emphasis on what is going on in the coal fields. Most unions report the news from the top. We start at the bottom. We go to the men's homes, to the bathhouses. We go out to them to see what is bothering them, and what needs to be aired."

The results of Stillman's philosophy—shared by President Miller despite grumbling by some miners that the *Journal* has turned "radical"—is a labor publication that behaves like an independent magazine. Stillman and his three-man staff spend half of their time outside Washington interviewing miners and investigating working and safety conditions. The *Journal* has run stories on how to press a Social Security black-lung claim; it has also uncovered and documented conflicts of interest by the general counsel of a rival organization, the Southern Labor Union. Last year it defied a taboo and printed the complete list of the U.M.W.'s contract demands for the membership before the union began its bargaining sessions with the coal

operators. Most significantly, however, the *Journal* has taken to printing dissenting opinion in a "Rank & File Speaks" feature and the letters column. Says Joseph Rauh Jr., Miller's lawyer during the election: "One of the happiest days of my life was when I saw a letter in the *Journal* in praise of Boyle. Not that I feel any sympathy for the guy. Far from that, but because it's such an expression by the union of belief in free speech and freedom of the press."

Stillman's *Journal* has practically no equal in the union field. Most labor publications follow their union's policies faithfully, larding their pages with head shots of members on a dais, pictures of the organization's president receiving another award, and inventories of the latest union benefits. Dissent is not banned, just unthought of. As Burt Beck, editor of the *Advance*, put out by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, sums it up: "The paper has to reflect the policy of the union or it would have no real reason to exist."

Stillman would agree, up to a point. "I don't see the *Journal* as a bulletin board to drive nails into Arnold Miller's hide. On the other hand, the way it was run before was like a personal propaganda office for Tony Boyle, and we're not like that either." Whatever it is, the maverick U.M.W. *Journal* is different and refreshing.

Wanted: A Bill of Rights

Every weekend during the six years that he held various jobs in the 1960s Labor Cabinet of Prime Minister Harold Wilson, Richard Crossman would retire to his 17th century country house near Oxford and dictate the week's experiences into a tape recorder. Nothing remarkable about that. Memoir writing—and now taping—is a well-developed art, and Wilson himself had published his bland prime ministerial recollections in 1971.

THE PRESS

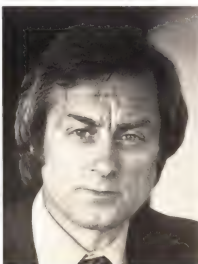
Yet Crossman, a former Oxford don and journalist (he edited *The New Statesman* from 1970 to 1972) who died last spring, was devilishly unflattering in many of his reminiscences of Wilson. Britain's all-powerful civil service and even Queen Elizabeth. *Financial Times* Political Editor David Watt called the volume "the most important book about British politics to have been written in years," but civil servants in the office that serves the Cabinet found Crossman's wealth of detail on how British government works to be profoundly disturbing. With Wilson's approval, they moved in effect to suppress the 350,000-word document by asserting their traditional right to a line-by-line scrutiny of Cabinet members' memoirs for breach of confidence. They found plenty, and it appeared that Crossman's candid insights might never see print.

Lip Service. Now, however, the London *Sunday Times* is challenging that subtle censorship by serializing the diaries without Cabinet permission. The series, which began last month, has focused public attention on press restrictions in a country that pays stiff-upper-lip service to free speech.

Government officials can pick from a choice of press curbs to stop the *Sunday Times*: the 1911 Official Secrets Acts, which bar unauthorized disclosure of any secret government document, sweeping copyright restrictions; vague and unwritten contempt-of-court rules; and the principle of "confidence," which prohibits publication of industrial secrets and other private information. Those legal weapons are seldom put into action. Their mere existence serves to discourage publication of sensitive material. Editors note wryly that a Watergate scandal might go undetected in Britain because the press there would be prevented from pursuing the story.

This time the expectation did not happen, because *Sunday Times* Editor Harold Evans saw in the Crossman diaries an opportunity to publish an important document and frustrate censorship at the same time. The diaries are indeed

SUNDAY TIMES EDITOR HAROLD EVANS



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ing. It makes the coyote literally nauseous at the sight of a lamb.

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It's good medicine, according to a leading gerontologist who explains that both personal and medical benefits should result.

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Forgetting your dreams doesn't necessarily

mean you're repressing them. They may just lack emotional intensity. But there are ways that will help you remember.

● DUMBER BY THE DOZEN

A revealing study has shown that children from small families have higher I.Q.'s than those from larger families. Not only that, but I.Q.'s are also influenced by order of birth and spacing between children.

● THE TEAM VS. THE INDIVIDUAL

Managers who stress individual achievement over group achievement may be making a mistake in terms of productivity. Often a worker will strive harder for his group than for himself.

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uncharitable: they depict Wilson making major policy decisions without informing the Cabinet, the Queen showing more interest in discussing her Corgi dogs than affairs of state, civil servants hiding important documents from Crossman. But they spill few state or industrial secrets; so prosecution under the Official Secrets Acts or on other grounds would be difficult. Besides, during last year's election campaign Wilson had vowed he would narrow the Official Secrets Acts and make government processes more open. The night before the first Crossman instalment appeared, a government lawyer did call the *Sunday Times* to complain that the paper "wasn't playing the game," but there has been no action.

The Crossman affair is not the first time that Evans has refused to "play the game." In 1966 his paper uncovered electoral gerrymandering in Northern Ireland and in 1971 revealed that the British army had tortured suspects there. Evans also ignored a 1967 government warning and published the memoirs of Soviet Counterspy Kim Philby. For the past two years, the paper has fought a court order banning its ten-year-old investigation of the thalidomide scandal.

Bluff Caller. Evans, 46, rose through provincial papers to become editor of the *Northern Echo* in 1961, was named managing editor of the *Sunday Times* in 1966 and editor in 1967. Short and slight, he still speaks with flat Yorkshire vowels and spends his few hours out of the *Sunday Times* office toiling almost obsessively at squash, skiing, Ping Pong and a book on photojournalism. He also serves as an occasional panelist on a television quiz show titled, aptly enough, *Call My Bluff*. Evans has long argued that British journalism should end its preoccupation with the elegant expression of opinion and tackle more American-style investigative reporting. "The growing power of government and corporations has led to a great invasion of personal privacy," Evans told *TIME*. Correspondent Lawrence Malkin. "But in the eyes of the public, we have become the intruders into privacy. That's why we have to continue to battle against secrecy in the law whenever we can."

The battle is far from over. The final installment of the Crossman memoirs, to appear next month, contains details of stormy Cabinet meetings during Britain's 1966 economic crisis. Evans is certain that the disclosures will be deeply embarrassing to Wilson and others still in the Cabinet, and could finally force them to legal action. Says Evans: "What we need is a Bill of Rights."

Quote of the Week

"... matters which touch the daily lives of every living American—and many who are dead."

—Carl Rowan, in his syndicated column

Synthetic Infinity

Since the invention of the Hammond organ in 1935, hardly an instrument exists that has not been electrified. Piano, flute, violin, trumpet, drums—each has its own plugged-in cousin. Most conspicuous is pop-rock's king of instruments, the electric guitar. Ten years ago, from Engineering Physicist Robert Moog, came the Moog synthesizer, which first produced music through electricity alone. A nuclear-age superorgan, it looks like the offspring of a piano and a telephone switchboard.

The public was bewitched with its eerie atomic sounds, first through Composer Walter Carlos' bestselling record *Switched-On Bach*, later by Rock Keyboard Artists Keith Emerson of Emerson, Lake and Palmer and Rick Wakeman of Yes. The synthesizer began to challenge the electric guitar for the top of the instrumental rock pile.

Then along came the guitar synthesizer. "This guitar does not play a high E, it plays a high anything," claims its inventor, Walter Sear, a Manhattan tuba musician who worked with Moog for 18 years on the original synthesizer. His instrument looks like a guitar. It plays like one too. There ends the resemblance. Mating a solid-body Plexiglas Armstrong guitar with a Moog by means of an electric umbilical cord, Sear has created an instrument of virtually incalculable sound potential.

Programmed Individually. Each of the six strings, attached to its own tiny synthesizer, can be programmed individually. This means that one string can be set to play a percussive *ostinato*, while its neighbor simulates a keyboard synthesizer. Another string might be tuned as a bass. The remaining strings could be used as a live guitar. While the resulting one-man band is somewhat less than an orchestra, a musician playing a guitar synthesizer could fill in for any six-man rock group—or one twelve-handed guitarist.

As on a guitar, notes can bend, slide and waver. Sounds can glide through all the frequencies between two fixed pitches—just as the human voice does—enabling Sear's musical clone to produce any sound imaginable. Moreover, the guitar can now match a keyboard Moog's titanic output decibel for decibel. In live performance, the complex studio wall synthesizer with its winking lights and patch-cord jungle can be replaced by a portable console.

Those who were disappointed that 1974 failed to turn up a new grand vizier of rock may find that the guitar synthesizer will jolt pop music back to life. But there are drawbacks. The road model of this sonic Tinkertoy costs \$35,000. At first, guitarists are elated by the possibility of playing two quarter-tones with



SEAR & HIS GUITAR SYNTHESIZER
A one-man band.

infinite sustain on the same string. Elation turns to concern, however, when they find that they must learn a whole new technique. "You have to play it gently," says Guitarist Steve Howe of Yes. Jazz-Rock Guitarist John McLaughlin estimates that he will need six months to learn guitar synthesizer technology. When he has mastered it he will be able to improvise dozens of melodies in seconds rather than minutes. The prospect would make Bach weep. McLaughlin predicts that one day synthesizers will be built into all instruments. "The synthesizer world," he adds, "opens the door to musical infinity."

The Solti Pull

For a solid year now, *Billboard's* chart of bestselling classical LPs has been topped by Scott Joplin rags. Last week there was a surprising change: Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* led the list. Though revolutionary when first performed in 1913, the work is now a cliché of concert programming; 28 stereo versions are currently available. It seems likely that ragtime fell not to Stravinsky but to Georg Solti, who leads the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Solti (*TIME* cover, May 7, 1973) has quietly become the most popular conductor since Toscanini. A Solti appearance is sold out at once anywhere in the world. His records are all top sellers; the *Mahler Symphony No. 5*, released in 1970, has made the charts ever since. Solti lives in a fury of industry and seems able to handle anything back to Bach with distinction—or to send *Rite of Spring* up the charts.



P.G. WODEHOUSE & HIS WIFE ETHEL AT THEIR LONG ISLAND HOME (1971)

P.G. Wodehouse's Comic Eden

"To be a humorist," P.G. Wodehouse once wrote, "one must see the world out of focus. You must, in other words, be slightly cockeyed." Wodehouse shared with countless millions of delighted readers his own slightly cockeyed, out-of-focus vision of the world in 70-odd novels, more than 300 short stories, 500 essays and articles, 40 or so plays and musicals and numerous movies—not to mention snippets of some of the funniest verse ever written in English. Many people grew up on Wodehouse and grew old on Wodehouse; his literary output, as reliable and regular as the seasons, never faltered or faded. Until he died of a heart attack in his home on Long Island, N.Y., at the age of 93, many of his readers must have assumed that Wodehouse—like Jeeves and Bertie Wooster, his best-known literary creations—was immortal.

Forbidden Fruit. Irish playwright Sean O'Casey dismissed Wodehouse (pronounced *Wood-house*) as English literature's "performing flea," an acridulous comment that P.G. himself ("Plum" to friends) loved to repeat. But other writers, ranging from Rudyard Kipling and George Orwell to Bertrand Russell and Evelyn Waugh, recognized that Wodehouse was a good bit more Waugh, an indisputable master of the comic novel, would reread his favorites from the Wodehouse canon every year, as some people go back for spiritual sustenance to Shakespeare or the Bible. "For Mr. Wodehouse there has been no fall of Man, no 'aboriginal calamity,'" Waugh wrote. "His characters have never tasted the forbidden fruit. They are still in Eden. The gardens of Blandings Castle are that original garden from which we are all exiled."

Wodehouse—the P.G. stood for Pelham Grenville—had no halfhearted readers. He was either admired to the point of addiction or not admired at all. Like all fanatics, Wodehouse readers

could only feel sorry for those who lacked the special sense of humor that allowed them to wander through the sunlit gardens of that little Eden at Blandings or to guffaw as the omniscient Jeeves pulled addlepated Bertie Wooster out of the clutches of his Aunt Agatha or the local constabulary. Wodehouse addicts had their own favorite characters. The author himself confessed he bent toward Lord Emsworth, the daffy ninth Earl of Blandings, who spent most of his time escaping through the hedges from his domineering sister Constance or making sure that his beloved pig, the Empress of Blandings, won first prize at the local fair. Others, perhaps a majority, preferred the stories about Jeeves, who, with a "voice as dignified as tawny port," was unquestionably the most famous gentleman's gentleman in history. Wodehouse, who had a firm and unchanging sense of priorities, was mildly horrified when anyone would mistake that fictional paragon for a mere butler.

Schoolboy Code. The imaginary Wodehouse world, set somewhere between 1915 and 1935—the author could not be more precise—never changed. Even the most careful critic would be hard put to tell whether a novel was written last year or 50 years earlier. Wodehouse's stable of characters had bits and pieces added to them, but they never really developed or, indeed, aged by much more than an hour. Even their names suggested a Merrie England that never was—Gussie Fink-Nottle, Galahad Threepwood, Boko Fittleworth. The ethic that pervaded all the books and novels was Wodehouse's own: the schoolboy's code carried on into adult life. Fun and pranks are virtually demanded, but one must never be disloyal or let the team down. Jeeves can be seen as the headmaster, stern, wise but always fair, while Bertie is the bubbling, bumbling fifth-former, the perpetual adolescent who finds the world too con-

fusing but always gets by, if just barely.

At the beginning, anyway. Wodehouse knew about the world of butlers and country houses only secondhand. His father was a judge in Hong Kong, and Wodehouse and his three brothers spent their boyhoods with relatives in England. He went to Dulwich College, a good but not famous public school near London; he was all set to attend Oxford, when the Indian rupee, on which his father's pension was pegged, collapsed. Instead, he got a job at the London office of the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank. Unhappy at the bank, he began writing. In 1902 he published his first novel (*The Pothunters*) and left banking to write a humor column for the now defunct *London Globe*. He also took his first trip to America—and began saving for his second.

Most of his readers assumed that Wodehouse lived in Mayfair, around the block from Bertie Wooster's Drones Club, or in Shropshire, near Blandings Castle. In fact, the most English of English writers lived most of his life in the U.S., which always had a romantic attraction for him. "America's never been a foreign country to me," he said not long ago. "It always seemed like my own country. I don't know why, but I'd much sooner live here than in England."

Big Break. The feeling of affection might well have been inspired, at least in part, by the fact that his big break as a writer came in America. In 1914 the *Saturday Evening Post* paid Wodehouse \$3,500 for rights to one of his novels, the beginning of a long and profitable relationship. At the same time, Wodehouse began writing plays with Guy Bolton, who became his lifelong friend. Both men collaborated with Jerome Kern on a series of fabulously successful musicals in the teens and '20s, including *Oh Lady, Lady* and *Sitting Pretty*. Perhaps the Wodehouse words that most Americans know best—although few can identify him as the author—are the lyrics

ARTHUR TREACHER AS MOVIE JEEVES (1936)



to the song *Bill* from *Show Boat*.

The movies also sought Wodehouse's talents. For a time in the '30s, he was one of the highest-paid writers in the world, earning \$2,500 a week from MGM on top of his royalties from novels and plays. He and his wife Ethel, whom he married in 1914 and who survives him, lived for a time in London, where they had butlers and maids of their own. In the '30s, they settled at Le Touquet, a French island resort on the English Channel. When the Germans invaded in 1940, friends advised them to flee to England, but they could not think of a way to get their treasured dogs past England's six-month animal quarantine. They were still pondering when Wodehouse was carted off to a Nazi internment camp.

He was actually well treated by the Germans, and when CBS Radio in 1941 asked him to describe life there, Wodehouse, one of nature's innocents, saw no reason why he should not say to an American audience how pleasant things were. That decision, as he later ruefully admitted, was as simple-minded as anything Bertie Wooster has ever done. The British, who were momentarily awaiting a German invasion, were outraged. Wodehouse, who only two years before had received an honorary degree from Oxford, was virtually branded a traitor in Parliament and the press. Toward the end of the war, the British, in a calmer mood, recanted, but Wodehouse never went back to England. He returned to America in 1947 and eight years later became a U.S. citizen.

Slowing Down. As he grew older, Wodehouse slowed down from the breathtaking writing pace of his youth, turning out "only" one novel a year—together, of course, with a few short stories. His prose, which looked so simple and read so well, was actually the result of great effort. He would plot out each zany story as if he were programming a computer, with perhaps 400 pages of notes, and he would write and rewrite every page nine or ten times. "Everything I've turned out is as good as I can make it," he said. "I've never not taken trouble over anything."

He began to feel old, he said, only after 90. "When I was in my 70s, I felt as if I were in my 30s. And my 80s were all right. But I'm feeling a bit ninetyish lately," he complained last year. Still, his mind was as nimble as ever, and his pen as clever and facile. One of the great moments of his life came only last month, when Queen Elizabeth named him a knight, which allowed friends to call him "Sir Plum."

In his customary self-deprecating way—half-humorous but wholly serious—Wodehouse had written his own epitaph years before: "When in due course Charon ferries me across the Styx and everyone is telling everyone else what a rotten writer I was, I hope at least one voice will be heard piping up: 'But he did take trouble.'"

—Gerold Clarke

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Who Talks and Who Delivers?

To the Editors:

I could not let the Feb. 17 issue of your magazine pass out of mind without commenting.

Candidate Jackson has a distinct advantage at this point. He can speak in generalities: "taking inventory of resources," "thinking of new technologies," "seeing an America fully employed," "building a new America," "not corrupting the atmosphere and the water and the land in the name of growth," etc.

The President, on the other hand, must talk of specific programs, recommendations and action. He must deliver—not with generalities, but with real specifics. Not all these programs are going to be popular. There will be criticism of specifics. Specifics can be argued and debated, but this is not so with generalities.

As we move into the 1976 campaign period, I hope people and the press will carefully consider presidential candidates on the basis of performance. President Ford has had to formulate a program and make some hard and tough decisions. He has performed. At this time, the Democratic majority in both houses (including a majority of those you list as potential presidential challengers) has failed to come forward with any program. Leadership requires courage; crisis requires action. The President has provided both.

Senator Jackson concludes his interview with your magazine by observing: "People are really looking for answers." On this point, I would heartily agree. The President has provided an answer. The Senator and his colleagues should support that answer or quickly offer one of their own.

Mary Louise Smith, Chairman
Republican National Committee
Washington, D.C.

The seemingly widespread criticism that Congress is not acting fast enough on economic and energy programs is unjustified. Of course, it is easy for President Ford—one man—to put his hundreds of bureaucrats to work and come up with a program. It is another thing for the Congress—the people's branch—to determine the true feeling of the American people and then vote on specific issues.

The American people can rest assured that their House and Senate are moving. We Democrats in the House

have drawn our own alternative program, and action will come by the end of March in six major areas. Speaker Albert, in addition, has sent President Ford's energy proposals to four committees, which will report to him this week.

No one should be misled by the President's flying circus and media blitz into believing that all his solutions are what is best for this nation. We will put his theories to the test before the toughest of juries—the American people—before we write a law that affects the lives of them all.

President Ford's proposal to put a \$3 tariff on oil is unanimously regarded by economists to be inflationary and would deepen the recession. No program at all is better than a bad program.

Thomas P. O'Neill Jr.
Majority Leader
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.



Rape the South

What does reader David Elms mean, the New Englanders get the

boot again as fast as energy is concerned [Feb. 10]? If they are so interested in keeping their electricity bills low and their houses warm, why don't they allow more oil and gas drilling off the East Coast and refineries in their area? They criticize the South, but the Southerners bear the burden of offshore oil and refineries. It is high time they choose between a superclean environment or more energy. It's not fair to rape the South to serve the East.

Paul Peterson
Louisville

Good heavens! Tell the New Englanders not to come here. My electricity bill for December was \$80, with no heat, and my bill for September was \$150 for air conditioning.

Shirley Ryan
Miami

Saving Saigon

Congressman Beard's remark [Feb. 10] that he has no obligation to support the U.S. commitment to Saigon because the commitment had been made prior to his election seems to typify the attitude of many new Congressmen. Such attitudes tend to confirm Ho Chi Minh's opinion that democratic governments are like "ships that pass in the night." Although legitimate objections to the continuation of aid to Saigon can be

made, does Mr. Beard seriously claim that he has no obligation to support any treaty or agreement made before his arrival on the scene?

Hugh H. Mills
Seattle

After 30 years of fighting, 50,000 American lives, hundreds of thousands, if not millions of Vietnamese lives and billions upon billions of American dollars, it ought to be quite clear that if the integrity of South Viet Nam is not yet secure, it probably never will be.

Could the Communists, or domestic insurgents as they would be more properly labeled, possibly cause as much suffering and misery to that battered area as the past 30 years of endless war have?

Chip Treen
Lincoln, Neb.

Henry Ford Besieged

Henry Ford II wonders if the auto industry has the right to chew up so much raw materials, if they have done as much as they should have with scrap, if more recycling should now be done [Feb. 10].

That's like an alcoholic asking "I wonder if my imbibing whisky has contributed to my alcoholism."

Samuel Whitman
Long Beach, Calif.

The announcement was no doubt sufficient to set Henry I revolving 180 in his tomb, but Henry Ford II actually advocated economic planning.

Admittedly, national economic planning is not the immediate answer to our economic woes. There are too many problems involved, including the general public's distaste for anything smacking of controls, regimentation, socialism or other frightening concepts.

Nevertheless, it is time to begin discussing this much maligned subject. Isn't it about time we stopped this tinkering and patching of our floundering economy and began to plan ahead in order to prevent recurring disasters?

Edward J. Powers
College Park, Md.

Jong's Unwashed

Ms. Erica Jong's heroine's idea of sexual bliss [Feb. 3] seems to derive from masculine flatulence and her partner's unwashed feet. It is not uninhibited openness but commercialism; not Molly Bloom or the powerfully abominable Henry Miller, but a shrewd hawking of The Most Repulsive as The Most Sincere, in keeping with Madison Avenue gospels. Male characters, supposedly psychoanalysts and Freudians, speak and act like disgusting junior-high-schoolers with IQs of 70. Ms. Jong so

often refers to herself as a writer that a suspicion arises whether she is not just someone who has published a book.

Leopold Tyrmund
New Canaan, Conn.

Sour Grapes

For meanness of spirit, TIME's art critic and his story on Thomas Hart Benton [Feb. 3] deserve a good swift rebuke. I have never read a more transparently prejudiced attack on one of our most original and worthy artists.

It is all well and good for a critic to try to create a climate of acceptance for the kind of art that fits his nature and associations. But for him to go out of his way to denigrate the success and poison the esteem of a wide audience for a man whose earthy and forceful works do not fall into the critic's category of approved art constitutes the sourest of grapes. For him to state that every self-respecting art historian since 1965 would bolster his argument against Benton is ridiculous.

Aaron Bohrod
Madison, Wis.

The writer, one of the leading exponents of American realist painting, succeeded John Stuart Curry as Artist-in-Residence at the University of Wisconsin

Not Hell and Not New

If Old Soldier James Bell is shocked by the all-volunteer Army's basic training [Feb. 10], minus harassment and b.s., think how this new soldier feels.

I experienced all-volunteer basic training at Fort Ord, Calif., in the spring of 1974, and the picture Bell paints is totally unrecognizable to me.

The story of recruits giving precision orders on how they would like to have their hair cut was fed to me by recruiters. It was a total lie—we were given uniform half-minute sheep shearings—no choice whatsoever.

Harassment was not by direct physical abuse, but men were made to stand at attention while they were called every foul and obscene name imaginable, and while the same epithets were extended to their immediate families.

Either the Army has changed a great deal in a few months, or Fort Jackson is a unique trainees' paradise, or Mr. Bell's vision is highly clouded.

I'm not saying BCT is hell—it's not. But neither is it a great new American life-style.

(SP/4) David Peter Haugum, U.S.A.
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Bell's statement that "no one even seems to swear any more" was the biggest laugh I have had in a long time. They certainly had his visit well planned.

Frank Pennell
Lexington, Mo.

Security Blanket

If your report entitled "The Hartford Heresies" [Feb. 10] tells the whole story, then current theology has apparently fallen back to its last line of defense, whose slogan might be: "For God's sake, at least be orthodox."

To use the word heresy against your opponents is to imply that you feel the need to protect your ideas behind the fortress of orthodoxy. Orthodox theologians can have a real ball by emphasizing different doctrines at different times. Apparently the Hartford group has decided that now is the time to concentrate on transcendence. This is the safest approach of all, since it makes one sound holy and humble.

To reach now for the theological security blanket of emphasis on God's transcendence is a cop-out. The church has indeed been attempting some tentative steps into the world, and we already know what the Hartford group has discovered: "Baby, it's cold outside."

(The Rev.) Douglas W. Fletcher
Sag Harbor, N.Y.

After a decade when so many in the theological community have been busily whoring after every cultural movement, the Hartford document is at last a bit of good news for Christ, his church and God's world.

(The Rev.) James Bortell
First United Methodist Church
Mason City, Ill.

The scholars represented at Hartford did American Christians a distinct favor by pointing out what really underlies our weakness as instruments of God in this world—namely, a man-centered instead of God-centered theology.

Madelyn V. Powell
Chicago

Ideological Captive?

"Ujamaa's Bitter Harvest" [Jan. 27] is ideological reporting at its most brutal. Tanzanian socialism has laid down the basis for a modern agriculture and renewed human community. As with agricultural reform in any context, the resulting gains in productivity do not immediately appear. Moreover, a massive population explosion, inflated import prices, drought and the oil crisis have compounded the foreign exchange problem. TIME nevertheless attacks the evolving system of egalitarian concerns which Americans should be applauding. By doing so it is simply a captive of its advertisers' ideology—crudely slandering the humane Tanzanian experiment at a time when corrupt elites are proliferating around the globe.

Peter Walshe
Notre Dame, Ind.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Engaged. Princess Maria Christina, 27, fourth and youngest daughter of The Netherlands' Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard and ninth in line to the Dutch throne; and Jorge Guillermo, 28, a Cuban refugee and a teacher of preschool youngsters in Harlem. Classical music buffs who met in 1973, the couple, after a June wedding in The Netherlands, will live in New York City, where Christina teaches French and music at a Montessori school.

Died. Richard Ratsimandrava, 43, head of state, for less than one week, of the Malagasy Republic (formerly the French colony of Madagascar); following a machine-gun ambush of his official limousine, in Tananarive. Lieut. Colonel Ratsimandrava served as Interior Minister under General Gabriel Ramanantsoa, leader of the military junta that took control of the republic in May 1972. After months of unrest among dissident tribesmen, Ramanantsoa resigned on Feb. 5 and the honest, plodding Ratsimandrava took office. His death was announced by a new ruling military committee. It claimed that the short-termed President had been slain by members of the Republican Security Forces, a counterinsurgency outfit dissolved by Ramanantsoa.

Died. Henry Pitney ("Pit") Van Dusen, 77, venerable Protestant theologian and president of Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary from 1945 to 1963; of heart disease, in Belle Meade, N.J. Van Dusen combined a profound faith with skepticism over excessive dogmatism and clerical parochialism. His ordination was held up for two years while Presbyterian leaders agonized over his right to question the literal biblical rendition of the Virgin birth. During Van Dusen's tenure as president, Union's enrollment doubled and such studies as psychiatry and religious drama joined the curriculum. A prime organizer of the World Council of Churches, Van Dusen frequently trekked about the globe promoting Protestant ecumenism.

Died. Sir Julian Huxley, 87, British biologist, older brother of the late novelist Aldous Huxley and grandson of Victorian Scientist-Sage Thomas Huxley, in London. Educated at Eton and Oxford, Sir Julian was an atheist and self-styled "humanist" and an astonishingly prolific writer; his 48 major books range from candid autobiography (*Memories*) to probing studies of evolution. As UNFSC's first director-general (1946-48), he gained widespread attention as a doomsday prophet, warning against such dangers as the population explosion and man's neglect of his environment.

COVER STORY

Courage and Fear in a Vortex of Violence

SPORT


 HAIR MATTED BY HELMET-LIKE MASK, GOALIE BERNIE PARENT SAGS AFTER PHILADELPHIA FLYER PRACTICE

He needs the glove of an all-star shortstop, the agility of a gold-medal gymnast, the reflexes of a championship racing-car driver, the eye of a 400 hitter and the mind of a geometrician. Even then he is nothing if he has not conquered fear, for he lives in a vortex of violence in the world's fastest team sport. He is the hockey goalie, the masked man, the magnet for action in a war on ice.

As in no other sport, the essence of his game is violence—bodies hurtling, players smashing each other into the boards, sticks slashing, fists always at the ready. Even when the skating and body checking are clean—and they often are not—the play is fierce and frightening. And it is all directed at one target—the man in the reinforced fiber-glass mask.

Alone or in clusters, attackers bear down on him at break-neck speed, their razor-sharp blades ripping into the white ice. From any angle, in the open or from behind a screen of players, a shooter fires and the rock-hard puck hums toward the goalie at more than 100 m.p.h. He has less than a second to react. If he fails, there is no reprieve: the goalie is the last line of defense, the difference between winning and losing.

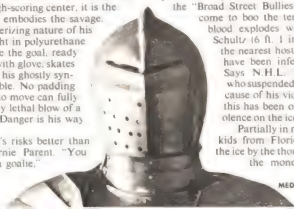
Though he rarely strays far from the net, and does not have the flashy moves of a high-scoring center, it is the goalie in his lonely vigil who embodies the savage, bruising and ultimately mesmerizing nature of his sport. He is an imposing knight in polyurethane padding as he crouches before the goal, ready to strike out in any direction with glove, skates or oversized stick. But behind his ghostly synthetic face, he is still vulnerable. No padding or mask that leaves him free to move can fully shield him from the potentially lethal blow of a slap shot or misguided stick. Danger is his way of life.

No one knows the goalie's risks better than the Philadelphia Flyers' Bernie Parent. "You don't have to be crazy to be a goalie,"

says Parent, "but it helps." If so, Parent must be crazier than most. For the past two years, he has been the best goal tender in hockey. Last year Parent all but carried the Flyers to the playoffs. He appeared in 73 of their 78 games, led the league in shutouts (twelve), and had the lowest goals-against average per game (1.89). In the playoffs he shut down the high-scoring offenses of New York and Boston, and helped the Flyers to make hockey history by becoming the first expansion team to win the Stanley Cup. For his extraordinary performance, Parent was named playoff Most Valuable Player. This year, with the season two-thirds completed, Parent is once again setting the pace for goalies with nine shutouts and a goals-against average of 2.01. Even after a recent letdown, the Flyers own first place in their division of the National Hockey League. Says Flyer Captain Bobby Clarke, "Bernie makes you feel like you can walk on water."

The arrival of Parent and his bruising teammates as the most potent force in hockey has added immeasurably to a growing interest in the sport. For better or worse the Flyers have brought new muscle into the game. Fans cannot resist their intimidating play and all-too-eager fights. In Philadelphia, 17,007 pack the Spectrum for every game to cheer on the "Broad Street Bullies"; on the road, S.R.O. crowds come to boo the tempestuous enemy. The cry for blood explodes whenever Flyer Enforcer Dave Schultz (6 ft. 1 in., 190 lbs.) starts swinging for the nearest hostile jaw. Inevitably, other teams have been infected by the mugging malaise. Says N.H.L. President Clarence Campbell, who suspended Schultz for a game last week because of his violent behavior: "Without doubt, this has been our worst year ever for sheer violence on the ice."

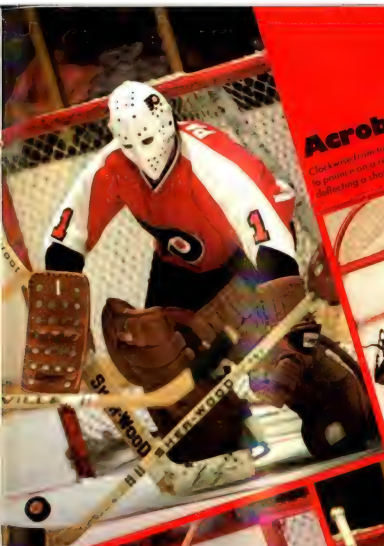
Partially in response to the Flyers' fireworks, kids from Florida to California are taking to the ice by the thousands (see box page 52). Though the money-hungry businessmen of the



MEDIEVAL ARMOR

Acrobatics in the Net

Clockwise from top left: Parent not to pounce on a rebound, smothering the puck, deflecting a shot to the corner; scoring drive in his gloves.





Contact on Ice

Clockwise from top left: Boston Bruin Terry O'Reilly bleeding after a fight; Philadelphia and Minnesota battling at the net; New York Ranger Brad Park battling Larry Patey of California; roughed-up Ranger Pete Stemkowski; lineman and washed-up Ranger player Mike Murphy of Los Angeles; green Islander Bob Nyström; Ranger and Pittsburgh Penguin star high sticks.



N.H.L. initially hurt their sport by expanding from six to 18 teams in just seven years—there simply have not been enough quality players to staff all the teams—the newcomers are already reaching for the top of the league. In fact, three of the four divisions are presently being led by expansion teams Philadelphia, Vancouver and Buffalo, with pushy Los Angeles giving Montreal a scare in the fourth.

Off the ice, Bernard Marcel Parent, six weeks short of 30, hardly looks like the kind of man around whom such an upheaval could swirl, let alone the kind who would voluntarily face up to a smashing slap shot. He sports a closely trimmed mustache, graying hair and just the hint of a paunch on his 5-ft. 10-in., 195-lb. frame. He has a smooth, unscarred face despite his 18 warring years in the net. (The masks he has worn for the past 14 years have absorbed 30 direct hits.) And he has none of the swagger that might be expected from a fearless goalie. He got cold feet on the eve of his wedding and went hunting in the Canadian Rockies (the wedding was postponed three months). He is scared by flying or even riding a bus.

Game after game, though, this unlikely lion takes on what former Chicago Black Hawk Goalie Glenn Hall once called "sixty minutes of hell." Says Parent in his clipped French Canadian accent: "I like playing in that place. I always have." He is superbly suited for his work. A hockey goal, 6 ft. wide and 4 ft. high, provides a 24-sq.-ft. opening. Since the average goal tender—Parent included—fills a space of about 8 sq. ft. in his 35 lbs. of padding, his job boils down to protecting the remaining area with stick, glove or body.

Parent puts them all to work with a "stand-up" system. Many goalies use a flop-and-stop technique, dropping to their knees or falling all the way into a split to block the puck with their heavy leg pads. The maneuver has two drawbacks: the 6-oz. vulcanized rubber disk can slip between his legs as the goalie flops; and once he is on the ice, he is helpless against rebound shots. Parent's approach, copied from his idol and teacher, Stand-Up Master Jacques Plante, requires more finesse but provides far tighter defense against rebounds. When attackers start to charge his net at speeds revving up to 30 m.p.h., Parent begins a familiar ritual: he knocks his stick on his skates; moves a few feet up ice to the edge of the "goal crease," reaches back to tap the top of his stick and the end of his glove against the steel goalposts to get his bearings; drops to a crouch, and challenges the shooter to make the first move. He also flips to the right page in his mental book on players and recalls data on their habitual skating patterns. In the second or two that all this is going on, Parent begins to adjust his position to cut down the angle attackers have to shoot for open space in the net. Part geometry, part instinct, the tactic of "playing the angles" is Parent's greatest talent on the ice. "When he's doing it right," says Flyer Coach Fred Shero, "Bernie won't have to move his glove or his foot an inch either way to make a save."

There is risk in skating out to trim the angle. If the goalie only deflects the puck, an opponent may slip behind him to flip a rebound into the open net. Should he glide beyond the crease, the goalie is subject to the bone-rattling body checks that players use to knock op-

ponents out of the play. Parent usually manages to avoid these griefs by trapping the puck cleanly or deflecting it toward the corner with his stick.

All this deliberate movement can break down. When attackers put together complex plays and flick the puck over the blue line to home in on Parent, he is lucky if he sees some shots as they leave a stick from behind a blur of battling skaters. Worse, many shots carom off players or their sticks in front of the goal, coming off curved sticks, slap shots spin so hard that they often drop like sinkers crossing home plate. None of these difficulties seem to trouble Parent. "If I see the puck leave the stick, I know exactly where it is going."

If he is unable to place his entire body in the way of a shot, his glove or stick will flick out like a lizard's tongue. He works hard at keeping all his puck-stopping tools well honed to assure quicker, more precise movements. Recently when he missed two high slap shots, Parent dissected his mistake and remembered that during pregame practices, Coach Shero had asked shooters to concentrate on low shots at the goal. The next day Parent asked them to fire 50 high blasts to help him get his rhythm back.

In action, he concentrates so hard on anticipation and execution that he rarely knows who scores Flyer goals. That is part of his competitiveness: to blot out all else and focus on the assailant. "It's me against him," he explains. "It proves something when you make a save." Winning is something he is addicted to. "I hate losing," he says. "A good broad I don't mind. A good win I don't mind either."

Some goalies steep themselves in humiliation for hours when they miss a shot. Glenn Hall once said: "Having a goal scored against you is like getting your pants taken down in front of 15,000 people." Though Parent is not exactly lighthearted about giving up goals, he can take some with a grin.

In a game against Buffalo last year, Sabre Left Winger Rick Martin sent a hard shot screaming over Parent's shoulder into the net. When Bobby Clarke skated by the Flyer goalie to encourage him, he heard Parent laughing and saying behind his mask, "Gee that kid can shoot." Another time when reporters in the dressing room spotted an ugly bruise on Parent's thigh and asked if a slap shot had caused it, he replied, "Nah, my wife bit me in a wild fit of passion."

Despite his confidence, success, and luck—the only major damage he has suffered was a broken bone in his right foot and a severe skate cut to his left hand two seasons ago—Bernie Parent is ridden by repressed fear on the ice. Like a soldier under fire, he finds fear real and physical, and he has to fight it off. "It's like a dream," he told *TIME* Correspondent Robert Lewis last week. "It comes and goes. When I'm tired, I might start thinking about getting injured and about my family and kids. Thank God it does not happen all the time because it affects your play." Worry can be touched off by nothing more than innocent joshing on the bus about an opposition player who has a reputation for firing at goalies' heads.

Fear stalks Parent most often during preparation. "In practice, I'm very scared," he says. "It's no fun at all." Sometimes in a work-



PARENT DONNING HIS GEAR



PARENT & HIS GERMAN SHEPHERD TINKER BELL CURL UP FOR PREGAME NAP

out, Parent cannot overcome the natural life-preserving urge to flinch when the puck comes at him. "I try to keep my head down and get the shot," he says. "Sometimes I just can't do it." When that happens, Parent insists that his teammates fire a barrage of shots at him until he beats down his fear.

Before every period, Parent crosses himself with his stick. "I ask God to protect me and help the team," he says, adding with a grin, "but I never ask him to win a game." On the ice, Parent seeks security in other ways. Unlike some goalies who roam out in front of the net or behind it to feed the puck to teammates, Parent sticks close and admits his sense of security increases as he moves back toward the goal. "It's like a kid who goes to the woods with his father," he says. "As long as I'm close to the net, I figure I'm all right." He knows, though, that he is more effective when he



PARENT, WIFE CAROL, AND TWO OF THEIR THREE CHILDREN

moves out front. "It's wrong" to stay close, he admits.

His mask is a security blanket. "That mask," he says as though he were speaking of an old friend, "that mask is security." It not only protects Parent from injury, but it hides him from the prying eyes of fans and opponents. On nights when he plays, Parent never appears in an arena without his mask on, even while going to and from the dressing room.

He prepares carefully for every game with a psyching-up ritual that begins on the eve of the game. Before home games he sits alone in the family room for more than an hour under a miniature replica of the Stanley Cup, thinking about opposition players and the moves he may have to make to block their shots. Then after half a dozen or so beers, he retires for eight hours

Rush to the Rink

The hockey player glides surely onto the ice, takes a couple of casual turns around the rink, leans raffishly on his stick and says, "My remarkable ability to shoot from either side makes me invaluable. My fierce checking makes me the most respected defenseman in the league." Brad Park or Bobby Orr in an uncharacteristically boastful moment? Not a chance. It is that famed canine fantasizer Snoopy, who has taken to the sport like a dog to a T bone. He is not alone. In the past five years Americans in swelling numbers have nurtured their own fevered dreams of slap shots and shutouts and begun a rush from rumpus rooms to hockey rinks. All vintages—and both sexes—have laced on skates, taped their sticks and taken to the ice. The result: an unprecedented surge of interest in amateur hockey.

The Amateur Hockey Association of the United States, the governing body of leagues for kids, had 10,298 teams registered last year, more than double the total in 1969. Some 200,000 youngsters compete in six A.H.A.U.S. classifications,

from Mites (for eight-year-olds and under) up to Juniors (17-19). Some of the rink rats graduate to high school and college hockey, both of which have had an equally high growth rate.

There are also numerous senior leagues for diehard oldtimers. New York cops stay in shape by playing on a team sponsored by the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. Minnesota Governor Wendell Anderson, a member of the 1956 U.S. Olympic team, gets in his weekly licks in St. Paul. Out in Santa Rosa, Calif., Snoopy's creator, Charles Schulz, 52, built his own rink and trades hip checks at least three times a week with other ancients. "I find hockey to be a necessity," says Schulz. "I go out on the ice for an hour and forget everything."

Women have got into the act. The Massachusetts Port Authority sponsors a disaffix six called the Massport Jets, who ran up a record of 90 victories and two losses before slipping a bit last year—when they began to schedule games

against the boys. There is very little difference between boys' and girls' hockey. Says Gene Doherty, whose nine-year-old sister Patty looks forward to joining the Jets when she's old enough: "You wouldn't think it was girls, the way they're checking and mouthing off."

The sport is not for the faint of heart or the weak of wallet. Skates can cost upwards of \$100, gloves \$65, shin pads \$35, protective pants \$50, helmet \$22, elbow pads \$20, shoulder pads \$25, a stick \$8, and other accessories \$25. The parents of a small-scale Bernie Parent have to shell out even more. Goalie leg pads alone cost up to \$150. Yet even in the depths of recession, business has never been better. At the Boston Bruins Pro Shop, sales of equipment are up 57% over last winter. At Atlanta's Igloo Ice Skating Rink, parents are eagerly enrolling their kids in a twelve-week mass-instruction course to the tune of \$65.

There are more costs; ice time may run up to \$50 an hour, and insurance fees mount as players get older and stronger. Mrs. George Gubbins of Hamel, Minn., whose son Tom plays goalie in the local Midget division, also budgets for stitches. "I can't get over it,"

of sleep. On the day of the game, he enjoys a steak for lunch and then returns to sleep. He likes the family German shepherd Tinker Bell to nap with him.

If some of Parent's preparations for battle strike his teammates as slightly odd, no one complains. The reason: except for Parent and superstar Center Bobby Clarke, the Flyers are not a team of champions. Parent's contribution is to keep the Flyers in the game and give them the confidence that their defense is puckproof. Says Coach Shero: "When Parent is out there, we know we can win games we have no business winning." For the offense, Shero counts on Clarke, one of the best playmakers in the league and, according to the coach, "the greatest leader I've seen in any sport."

It is hard to argue the point once Aggressor Clarke goes into action. With his long curly hair and toothless smile (his four front upper teeth have been knocked out), "Clarkie" out-hustles everyone on the ice, even though he is a diabetic. When teammates do not put out, he blasts them; when he makes a bad pass himself he jams his stick against the boards and curses. One measure of his play can be found in the assist column: Clarke has scored only 15 goals this season, but he has made 53 assists.

For the rest of the Flyers, who are an unusually tight-knit and gentle group off the ice, the overwhelming statistic is penalty minutes. Two years ago, the team smashed the N.H.L. record for penalties, collecting 1,756 minutes. Last year they fell just short of matching that mark, and this season they have fought their way ahead of the record pace. The reason for all this violence is Shero's strategy of victory through fear power. Freely admitting that Philadelphia lacks the quality players of other leading teams, Shero tries to make up for it with position play and intimidation. He teaches his men that the quickest way to the puck and on to the goal is often through or over an opponent. Prostrate guys finish last.

"Some teams don't seem to realize there are corners and pits in front of the net," says Shero. "We have guys who are willing to go into those zones, to take and give punishment. If they don't hang tough, they're not going to play for me."

Unquestionably, muscle has won games for the Flyers. Opposition players often give Dave Schultz, who has more strength than skill, a wide berth wherever he skates. More often than not, it is a Flyer who comes out of a corner melee with the puck. But do the Flyers dish out cheap shots and unnecessary brutality? In the final playoff game against the New York Rangers last spring, the Flyers helped themselves to victory when Schultz sent Ranger Defenseman Dale Rolfe to the dressing room with two gashes in the forehead. Toward the end of a recent road game against the Minnesota North Stars, which the Flyers lost badly, repeated fights broke out on the ice. When one Flyer shot a puck in the direction of the referee, his teammates on the bench roared: "Good shot, good shot."

Parent himself is not sure he likes that kind of play. "To be aggressive is the kind of game I like," he says, picking his words carefully, "but cheap shots, they're not good. They break down our system and concentration." Rivals are contemptuous. Ranger Coach Emile Francis says: "I appreciate great

THE WOMAN'S TOUCH IN A VIOLENT GAME. MASSPORT JETS BATTLE FOR PUCK



she says. "At one place it costs \$13.95, and at another hospital it costs \$42."

Hockey fever has led to a surge in the construction of rinks. In 1967, the year the N.H.L. created an expansion team in St. Louis, there were six rinks there. Now the city has twelve indoor and six outdoor rinks. Ben Schaffer, an administrator with the Essex County, N.J., park commission, says that the county has five rinks. "Five years ago," adds Schaffer, "there weren't even five rinks in the whole state." The demand is not slackening. Barry Wolkon, who has just opened a \$3 million, two-rink complex in New York's Rockland County, says he plans to be in operation year round. "Eventually, we expect to be booked 24 hours a day." Already the scarcity of available ice time has driven parents out of bed in the small hours to get their children to the rink on time.

Is it worth it?

For the lucky few who in ten years may parlay stick-handling skill into N.H.L. loot, there is little doubt. Some Canadians feel, in fact, that the combination of more young players and increased emphasis on the sport means

that the U.S. will eventually dominate the pro game. But for most, the reward will continue to be the fun of playing.

The fun is often tempered by injuries as youngsters try to copy the more muscular pros. The A.H.A.U.S. keeps no statistics but for most youngsters the most common wounds are gashes that require sutures. Less common but more painful are the broken noses when unskilled kids bang headfirst into the boards girdling the rink.

Marilyn Taylor of Ramsey, N.J., watches with trepidation when twelve-year-old Bobby skates into the corner, endangering the family's \$1,600 investment in orthodontia. "It's not easy to be a hockey mother," she says. "Sometimes we have to get up at 3 in the morning to make a game. But it's never any problem. I just go to his room and say 'Hockey,' and my boy is right up."

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SPORT

players like Gordie Howe who play you tough." Then referring to the Flyers, he adds: "But this other kind of baloney, that's Eastern League hockey."

The virus of violence has spread far beyond the player. The most chilling recent display was Boston Bruin Dave Forbes' attack on Minnesota North Star Henry Boucha. In that incident, Forbes jammed the end of his stick into Boucha's right eye, leaving Boucha, after surgery, with impaired vision. In an unprecedented criminal action against an N.H.L. player, Forbes was charged with aggravated assault with a dangerous weapon. His trial, now scheduled for May, could remove punishment for sport violence from the arena to the police and the courts.

Among the people most concerned over unfettered violence are the officials of junior-level competition. Because the Flyers' buccaneering play attracts fans—most critics suggest that is precisely why the pros fight—the ethic of war has seeped down to younger players. The trend has become so disturbing in Canada that the Ontario government recently conducted an inquiry into violence in the region's amateur hockey programs and, soon after, the Ontario Hockey Association set up new rules to halt brutality on the ice.

Parent understands the concern; he once played in similar amateur programs in his native Montreal. His introduction to hockey came with a tennis ball as a puck and galoshes for skates. The pick-up games were played on neighborhood streets and young Bernie, always a loner, wanted to play goalie from the start. "I stopped the first shot and that settled it," he recalls. "The challenge to make a save was always there. It was just in me." The son of a factory foreman, Parent did not start skating until he was 11, and then his debut in the goal was not promising; he missed 21 shots. Nevertheless, Parent was hooked. "For Bernard, hockey is an obsession," says his older brother Yvan, a Montreal psychologist. "All he ever wanted to do was to be a professional hockey player. He didn't study, he didn't go out with girls. He played hockey."

By 1965 Parent, playing for a Boston Bruin farm team, was the best goalie in the Ontario Hockey Association and the Bruins brought him up. He bombed for two seasons. On the ice, Parent let in an average of 3.67 goals per game in 57 appearances; off the ice, he ravaged his \$7,500 annual salary with a spree of high living. In 1967 the embryonic Flyers claimed him.

At Philadelphia, Parent found a wife and contentment as the Flyers won their divisional championship the first year. But Parent's wanderings had only begun. In 1971 the Flyers traded him to the Toronto Maple Leafs, where he became a protégé of Plante, then the To-

ronto goalie. That stint ended 18 months later when Parent bolted the Leafs to sign with the World Hockey Association's Miami Screaming Eagles. The only trouble was that Miami had no rink. "The only ice," recalls Parent, "was in a glass."

From the stillborn Eagles, Parent found his way to the W.H.A.'s Philadelphia Blazers, signing a fat five-year \$750,000 contract. That adventure too ended in disaster when Parent quit the team midway through the 1973 playoffs, claiming he had not been paid. Angry Blazer teammates called him a "hockey Benedict Arnold." "I knew how the guys felt," says Parent, "but there are times in your life when you have to look after yourself." With that, Parent and his wife Carol took off for a cruise. In Martinique, he got a call informing him the Flyers had taken him back. His career had come full circle and Parent celebrated in style. "I was drunk for six days," he says. "The ocean was calm but the boat kept rocking."

Parent has been taking good care of himself ever since. His lawyer is presently renegotiating his current \$150,000-a-year, five-year contract with the Flyers for a deal that could provide financial security for life. Meanwhile Parent, Carol and their three young children are already living well with a five-bedroom \$95,000 colonial house in suburban Cherry Hill, N.J., and a comfortable four-bedroom rented house on the Atlantic shore at Wildwood, N.J., where the Parents keep a 33-ft. Egg Harbor boat that he uses for deep-sea fishing. When he is not angling, Parent is passionately hunting with rifle and bow and arrow. Tracking mule deer at 10,000 ft. in the Colorado Rockies, Archer Parent bagged a deer the first time out.

Around Philadelphia, Parent enjoys the perquisites that go with being a superstar. Industrial Valley Bank pays him generously to advertise: "Bernie Saves ... at I.V.B.," and a popular local bumper sticker declares: ONLY THE LORD SAVES MORE THAN BERNIE PARENT. Bernie receives so much fan mail he has been forced to hire a secretary. Despite all the attention, he prefers quiet evenings at home with the family. "I've been trying to get Bernie to take me to a country and western show for years," says Carol. "He hates to get dressed up to go out any place."

If Parent has any regrets about his life, it is that he has not read more. Although he finished high school, he speaks wistfully about missed opportunities in the library. "I used to love hearing my mother talk," he says. "She could get on with all kinds of people because she read so much." With Parent not planning to retire until he is at least 37, the league is full of shooters who wish he would start reading *War and Peace* tomorrow, and not stop until this season's hockey war is over.

Q. What luxury car was \$4975 in late '73 and is still available at \$4975 in early '75?

Last year was quite a year for price increases. Most cars went up several hundred dollars. But the 1974 Audi 100LS is still the same price today as it was in December '73. And it's still available.

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Throwaway Bamboo

Packaging is one of the small degradations of Western life. The impenetrable plastic pocket sealing in 29¢ worth of panhead screws, the jumbo detergent carton, the Vegas Rococo embossed vinyl "presentation" box around a new pen, apart from brown-paper bags (of which, in any case, we use too many)—it is hardly possible to go into the corner shop and find a package that is not ugly or delusive or frustrating or wasteful, or all four. That is why the Japan Society's current exhibition in New York, "*Tsutsumu*—the Art of Japanese Packaging," should not be missed. Organized and chosen by the Tokyo designer Hideoyuki Oka, it consists of 221 packages, ranging from sake bottles to wrappings for candied papaya. All the designs have a long craft history, and some are very old indeed: one type of wooden container, tied together with strips of bark and used for carrying the raw fish on vin-

egared rice known as *sushi*, has been continuously used in Nara prefecture for more than a thousand years. But everything in the show is to this day a standard form of packaging among a number—diminishing, alas—of shops, stalls and manufacturers. For this reason, "*Tsutsumu*" is probably the cheapest design exhibition yet put on by a New York museum (total bill for buying the contents: \$600.70).

Utopian Jabberwocky. But it is also different in quality and meaning from things like the mixture of utopian Milanese-Maoist jabberwocky and toys for the very rich that the Museum of Modern Art had in its last big design show, "Italy: the New Domestic Landscape" (TIME, May 29). *Tsutsumu*, of course, is more interesting because it is more real. It consists of virtually anonymous objects with actual uses, free of a designer's narcissism, refined over a long time, that work. The Japanese package is no less an aspect of the country's cultural heritage than the design of a "stolen view" garden or the traditional cutting of a mortise-and-tenon joint in a cedar beam. Like the rest of that heritage, it is dying. The souvenir shop of the famous Ryoanji temple in Kyoto sells boxes of tiny oblong sugar candies. The boxes are exquisitely plain, made of thin strips of unpainted pine. But touch one with a cigarette and it melts: the pine is, in fact, printed Styrofoam.

When mathematicians speak of the "elegance" of a proof, they do not mean decorative grace notes; they mean the kind of succinct, one-pointed blow that undercuts one's expectations of

complexity. In that sense, what Oka calls "these utilitarian wrappings, these crystallizations of everyday wisdom" are elegant indeed. Problem: to pack one dried salt yellowtail in straw so that it can be unwrapped frugally and eaten over a period of time. It must keep up to six months, so some air must get to it but flies must not. The answer in Ishikawa prefecture is to sheathe it in straight wisps of straw and then bind it in straw rope like a corn husk, unwrap as much as you need, cut it off, close the inner layer of straw, retie the bundle. Such packaging uses humble materials with breathtaking panache: witness a bottle for sweet sake from Tokyo, coarse brown earthenware capped with a mottled sheet of bamboo bark and tied with creeper—an ordering of color and texture so fine as to annihilate (by comparison) any drink container now selling in the West, but doomed to extinction because it can only be made by hand.

The principle behind this kind of work, as Oka points out, is twofold. First, there is a traditional regard for the symbolism of the materials themselves. Thus, because paper was considered to embody a deity in ancient Japan, you could not cut it (a murder of the god). You could fold it without violation, however, and thus origami and its related art of paper packaging came into being. Second, the package is an act of obeisance to its recipient, rather than a flat invitation to consume. In the material on show at Japan House this idea is beautifully eloquent: the studied attention to design, to the mating of materials with their contents, is part of the gift and no less touching for being destroyed at the moment of opening. "One of the reasons," Oka notes, "why traditional packaging is disappearing so rapidly in our modern society is that it is so inefficient . . . May this not also indicate that we are rapidly losing our human capacity for love and consideration?" May? That's restraint in packaging for you.

■ Robert Hughes

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Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man

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refuge for distinguished fakirs like Joseph Beuys, who, unlike our own sadhus in India, wears a magnificent fur coat and chants mantras about "revolution" in order to expunge his sorrow for having flown a German airplane 30 years ago. Burden, on the other hand, would appear a familiar figure to us. He is a body artist. He believes in transcending the entanglements of maya by mortifying his flesh. And though, thanks to drought and earthquakes, this has become routine for most of us at home, in America it is considered to be a great luxury and artists who practice it are esteemed on all sides—so much so that photographs of them sell for many hundreds of dollars, which has not happened to us since LIFE and Look folded.

Meditations and Kicks. Although this holy man has been doing penance only since 1971, when he was an art student, his catalogue of devotions is already longer than Mahatma Gandhi's at twice his age. Burden has caused himself to be nailed through the hands to the roof of a Volkswagen while, in his words, "screaming for me, the engine was run at full speed for two minutes." He has strewn broken glass on a street in Los Angeles and crawled naked through it; at the Basel Art Fair last year to feast day, on which many priests and their temple dancers gather to exchange the images peculiar to their cult, he had himself kicked down two flights of con-

crete stairs in front of an admiring throng. He has been shot, though only by a .22 in the arm, by an assistant. All these penances are recorded with great care on video tape and Polaroid film by other assistants, as the deeds of Ramachandra were recorded in the *Ramayana*. It was explained to me that since most cultured Americans do nothing more strenuous than a little bluefishing from a boat purchased with their last foundation grant, they prize something called "gratuitous risk," provided some other artist is taking it.

This brings me to Burden's new piece" (as such things are called). It consists of fasting. For one month he will lie on a triangular platform, built high up in a corner of the gallery, and take nothing but distilled water. You see, hunger is so rare in this land that it can be profitably exhibited. I should add that, doubtless to purify his meditations, the young sadhu is not actually on show. Nobody can talk to him, or even see him, because the platform is too high. In fact there is no way of being sure he is there at all, except by believing his announced word as a holy man—but then, Americans of our age are good at that. I can hardly express to you, small flower of our garden, with what pleasure this exhibi-



BODY ARTIST CHRISTOPHER BURDEN
Devoutly through broken glass.

tion filled me. For years I had felt so provincial, so deprived of information. Now I realize that the most advanced forms of Western art are simply what the less fortunate of our countrymen do, in their millions, every day—spontaneously and without choice. Do you think I should approach Mr. Gupta, the fifth under secretary in charge of cultural exchange, to have Burden go to Calcutta? He would be so consoling. Your affectionate brother, Mohendra.

■ R.H.

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HUGE FLOCK OF STARLINGS, GRACKLES, COWBIRDS & RED-WINGED BLACKBIRDS DARKENS THE SKY OVER ARMY BASE AT FORT CAMPBELL, KY.

ENVIRONMENT

The War on the Blackbirds

The scene is enough to give even bird lovers a case of aviphobia. Every day at dusk for the past four months, five million blackbirds have screeched and wheeled over Christian County, Ky., ever narrowing their circle until, with a final frenzied flapping, they settle into their roosting spot—30 acres of pine trees in the midst of the U.S. Army's 101st Airborne Division base at Fort Campbell. At dawn the birds (mostly starlings and a scattering of grackles, cowbirds and red-winged blackbirds) take off to feast at local farms and feed lots. Again the sky darkens; again the air is filled with raucous cries.

"This is a pestilence and a scourge," says George L. Atkins, mayor of the neighboring town of Hopkinsville. "Farmers are in the fields with shotguns, cattle and hogs are driven from the feed lots, children's slides are covered with bird droppings." The damage to the area is already estimated at \$2.6 million. That figure does not include the damage done by a similar flock of 7 million birds around the Army arsenal at nearby Milan, Tenn. Nor do the costs take into account two bird-borne diseases: gastroenteritis, which is often fatal to baby pigs, and histoplasmosis—caused by a fungal spore in the bird droppings—which produces lung damage in humans.

Distress Calls. All this argues for action, and the Army has indeed tried. When the birds first arrived in October, choosing a roost near Fort Campbell's barracks, soldiers played recorded starling distress calls and set off firecrackers. The blackbirds moved to the 30 acres of pines, where their comings and goings have since daily halted plane take-offs and landings. Hoping to move the birds again, the Army thinned the stand of trees, thus reducing the habitat. The birds merely perched closer together.

In desperation, the military declared

outright war and drew up an extermination program. Crop-dusting airplanes and helicopters would douse the roosting birds with Tergitol S-9, a strong, biodegradable detergent that washes the oil from the birds' feathers. Without the oil, which helps to insulate them, the blackbirds would begin to die from the cold—if the temperature remained below about 45° F.

What the Army did not count on was the opposition of environmentalists and animal lovers. First the federal Council on Environmental Quality advised the Army to write an impact statement describing the environmental effects of the spraying program. Completed early this month at a cost of \$20,000, the statement met the objections of even the Humane Society of the U.S. But then two New York-based groups—the Society for Animal Rights and Citizens for Animals—sued in federal court to stay the attack, claiming that the project was "a form of mass euthanasia."

With a blackbird population of 350 million, the U.S. can afford some mercurial slaughter; even the Audubon Society agrees that the pests must be controlled. Besides, notes Mayor Atkins, furious at the New Yorkers who have thwarted the extermination plan, starlings spread through the U.S. from New York City. "To vent his frustration, he wryly asked Hopkinsville attorneys to draft a request for an injunction staying New York City from killing its rats."

But the draft will never have to be written. On Feb. 8 a U.S. district court in Washington, D.C., ruled that the Army could proceed with its "blackbird control program," and last week the U.S. Court of Appeals upheld that decision. Now all the Army has to do is hope for a prolonged cold spell.

*They were imported from Europe in the 1890s by a wealthy New York drug manufacturer who wanted to establish in the U.S. all the birds mentioned anywhere in Shakespeare's works. Unfortunately, the starling was mentioned once in *Henry IV, Part I*: "Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak nothing but 'Mortimer'."

Visas for Animals

The starling is not the only alien species that plagues the nation. There are European pigeons, which spread a form of meningitis and defile monuments and building ledges and the German carp, a "wonderfish" imported in the 1870s, which has displaced native game fish from lakes and rivers by eating their food and their spawn. New threats come from the exotic species that escaped from rare-animal or fish farms: the ill-tempered Asian walking catfish, the South American piranha and India's citrus fruit-eating red-whiskered bulbul—to mention just a few. They prove over and over again that most alien species can quickly adapt to and thrive in a new habitat where there is an abundance of food and a dearth of natural enemies.

Low Risk. This week the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service moved to discourage the immigration of such species. It is publishing new rules that, after a review period of 45 days, must be observed by importers of 3.3 million animals per year. In the past, almost any species was allowed easy entry to the U.S. provided that it had not been proved to pose a health, safety or ecological hazard (by the time the proof was available, the damage had often been done).

The new rules make the importer assume the burden of proof. All but a few of the world's thousands of vertebrate species are considered to be "potentially dangerous" until the importer shows otherwise. But laboratories, zoos and the pet industry will not suffer unduly; the new rules award carte blanche visas to an elite of "low risk" animals. These include 400 kinds of fish (mostly tropical species for collectors), 60 birds (mainly game fowl), 43 mammals (lab monkeys, plus zebras, aardvarks and other common zoo animals), and two amphibians (the horned and dwarf-clawed frogs). The result will be less exotic selections in pet stores, but also fewer threats of disease and periodic invasions.

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Anniversary Waltz

HERE AT THE NEW YORKER

by BRENDAN GILL

406 pages. Illustrated. Random House. \$12.95.

The New Yorker Founder and Editor Harold Ross was a man of many maxims. Among them: "Nobody gives a damn about a writer or his problems except another writer." Assuming that his readers had no interest in reading about his writers, Ross kept intramural gossip out of his magazine, and so has his successor William Shawn. Yet neither editor could stem the tide of moonlight memoirs by *New Yorker* staffers James Thurber gave Ross himself a full-dress treatment in *The Years with Ross* (1959). Now, on the magazine's 50th birthday this week, comes Brendan Gill's account of his nearly 40 years with everybody at *The New Yorker*.

Molelike Creatures. On the opening page Gill seems to side with Ross. *New Yorker* writers, he claims, "tend to be lonely, molelike creatures, who work in their own portable darkness and who seldom utter a sound above a groan." In theory, no one who was not there gives a damn about this loving reliquary— anecdotes, old cartoons, floor plans and interoffice memos. Might it not be more fun to curl up with a rollicking treatise on varieties of corn blight or infrastructure at the Bank of America?

No, decidedly not. A seasoned *New Yorker* writer can make even *New Yorker* writers interesting. Besides, from the beginning, Ross's humor magazine attracted remarkable talents: Alexander Woolcott, Robert

Benchley, Dorothy Parker, E.B. White, Wolcott Gibbs, S.J. Perelman, John O'Hara, Edmund Wilson, Peter Arno, Charles Addams, Saul Steinberg, George Price. The list can (and in Gill's telling does) go on and on.

Inevitably, the book is more concerned with *The New Yorker* than than now. Gill's memories are mostly ebullient. They include, of course, Ross, that "aggressively ignorant" Midwesterner who bullied *The New Yorker* into shape. Thurber's portrait remains definitive, but Gill adds amusing embellishments. Once Gill included the Tennysonian phrase "nature, red in tooth and claw" in a "Talk of the Town" item. Ross's notorious innocence in literary matters ("Is Moby Dick the man or the whale?") prompted him to change the reference to "nature, red in claw and tooth." Gill explains as best he can: "His literal-mindedness being what it was, I suspect that he must have worried it out that an animal seizing its prey would bloody its claws before it got around to bloodying its teeth."

The author is considerably more circumspect when it comes to Shawn, who "has become famous by eschewing fame and is today one of the best-known unknown men in the country." As self-effacing as Ross was extraverted, Shawn's best-known and perhaps only offhand *mot* was uttered to a young "Talk" reporter: "Go out and mill."

Gill's account is laced with some

DRAWN BY PETER ARNO © 1988 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE



"Oh, grow up!"

acid. John O'Hara is drubbed for his vanity and status seeking. Thurber is recalled as a man "never so happy as when he could cause two old friends to have a falling out." Gill justifiably twits Movie Critic Pauline Kael for long-windedness and openly recounts the depressions, breakdowns, bouts of alcoholism and premature deaths that struck a number of his colleagues. He resurrects no quips that set the fabled Algonquin Round Table on a roar. Most drinking staffers, he reports, preferred dark saloons "suitable for people with a glum view of life."

Truth and Beauty. A glum view of life at *The New Yorker*? Gill does not dwell on this paradox, but it is not hard to explain. Ross, Shawn and the rest have successfully set up as taste makers over a 50-year period when cultural presumptions have changed horrendously. *The New Yorker* remains a throwback to Matthew Arnold's Victorian faith in a secular religion of truth and beauty. Eustace Tilley, the magazine's monocled symbol, is clearly an Arnold disciple turned dandy. To be impeccable, graceful and hard-hitting all at the same time is demanding work. So is hanging on to a upper-middle-class audience without seeming frivolous or snobbish.

These are dangers that Gill's book does not always sidestep. In truth, he sometimes rushes to embrace them. "It is obvious that the New Testament would make far more satisfactory reading if it had been the handiwork of Matthew, Mark, Luke and Shawn." The reader is left to wonder how the Good Book might have been better if it began, say, "We chanced by Bethlehem the other evening, where, much to our surprise..."

■ Paul Gray

WOMEN: VIGOR BRILL



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BOOKS

Byron's Wooden Leg

IF IT HAD HAPPENED OTHERWISE

Edited by J.C. SQUIRE

320 pages. St. Martin's Press. \$8.95.

The reader of history imagines himself to be at the very fulcrum of great events and thus at a gratifying distance from the morning mail or the evening news. There is no better way of keeping reality at bay, unless—and this is the admirable theory behind *If It Had Happened Otherwise*—the fulcrum of the great event is fancifully shifted a few centimeters, or removed entirely.

The scholarly wags whose work is reprinted in this celebrated collection of 14 essays (*Otherwise* was first printed in England in 1932) obviously had great fun making history come out differently. A great part of the reader's amusement in reading these revisionist fantasies lies in arguing with the authors. Knowing a bit of history helps, but the editor tactfully prefaces each chapter with a paragraph or so of authentic history to remind dullards of the actual date, say, of Kaiser Wilhelm's accession to power and what really happened at Sarajevo.

The book's most celebrated contributor is Winston Churchill (a clever politician-journalist-historian), who in one variant of history did not die of prison fever during the Boer War, but went on to become a heroic brandy drinker and Prime Minister. With double irony in his title, Churchill speculates on what might have happened in *If Lee Had Not Won the Battle of Gettysburg*. After Lee's victory, Churchill notes, the Confederate general's brilliant stroke of freeing the slaves cut away the moral underpinning of the Union cause. Could Lee actually have forced such a measure on

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Centennial, Michener (1 last week)
- 2—The Seven-Peak Solution, Meyer (2)
- 3—Something Happened, Heller (3)
- 4—Lady, Tryon (5)
- 5—The Ebony Tower, Faulkner (4)
- 6—The Pirate, Robbins (6)
- 7—Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy, le Carré (7)
- 8—Harlequin, West (8)
- 9—The Understudy, Kazan
- 10—The Dogs of War, Forsyth (9)

NONFICTION

- 1—The Bermuda Triangle, Berlitz (3)
- 2—Strictly Speaking, Newman (1)
- 3—The Palace Guard, Rather & Gates (2)
- 4—All Things Bright and Beautiful, Harriot (4)
- 5—Helter Skelter: The True Story of the Manson Murders, Bugliosi with Gentry (6)
- 6—Tales of Power, Castaneda (5)
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LORD BYRON
King George of Greece?

the South? Could the Confederacy, England and the rest of the Commonwealth banding together as the Association of English Speaking Peoples have imposed peace by fiat on Europe and thus avoided World War II? Probably not, but it is easy to imagine Churchill imagining himself rising to address the crucial meeting of the Association foreign ministers and changing history with his devastating use of the subjunctive.

Concentrating on Spain, Anti-His-

BOOKS

torian Philip Guedalla reverses history by awarding Boabdil, the Moorish King of Granada, the victory in his battle with Ferdinand and Isabella at Lanjaron in 1491. Actually, Ferdinand and Isabella won, expelled the Moors, and, for good measure, drove away Spain's Jews under the threat of forced conversion. Spain thus was depleted of most of its learning, most of its artisans and half of its cultural inheritance.

In Guedalla's universe, Granada continues to thrive as a great center of civilization, encompassing most of Spain. After its annexation of Morocco in the 17th century, it takes its place as a formidable European power. Granada is sporadically allied with England, but by 1865 the two countries nearly go to war, the author roguishly reports. Why? Because the poet Swinburne, who in real life had curious difficulties with the opposite sex, is killed while adventuring in the royal seraglio. The scandal is smoothed over, however, partly because of the good feeling left by the fervently pro-Moorish writings of Lord Byron, who does not die at Missolonghi in 1824, according to Guedalla, but lives on in Granada until 1850.

Byron also survives his Missolonghi fever in a wicked imagining by Harold Nicholson, who in his essay has the poet fumble on till 1854—as nothing less than King George I of Greece, “an obese little man descending the steps of the Cryst-

tal Palace on his wooden leg, supporting himself on his famous umbrella, and clapping a huge red handkerchief in the other hand.” The wooden leg has replaced the clubfoot of Byron's dashing early years, which the poet-king lost along with all vestiges of poetic vision while fighting ineptly against the Turks near Lepanto in 1834.

As might be expected, Napoleon also takes several curtain calls. The great British historian G.M. Trevelyan (in a 1906 essay that gave the other writers the idea for this collection) has Bonaparte win at Waterloo, then plunge Europe into decades of troublesome peace. England is unable to disarm because of the danger that he still represents and is ruined by the cost of its huge military establishment. (The ubiquitous Byron in this version, leads an unsuccessful workers' rebellion against George IV and is executed.) H.A.L. Fisher's Napoleon is a bit more believable. At 46 he escapes to America after losing at Waterloo. Thereupon he blusters his way to a conquest of Peru and finally hatches the notion of striking at England through India. Chance intervenes and Napoleon is lost at sea.

Roman Catholic G.K. Chesterton imagines the fine Catholic realm that might have sprung forth had Mary Queen of Scots married Don John of Austria, the illegitimate brother of Philip II of Spain. Such history tinkering

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though, can go on forever. Suppose Don John and Mary had established a Catholic England. Would cross-Channel Calvinism have undermined it eventually? Suppose Luther had been unable to find a nail in Wittenberg for all those theses. Or better, suppose Guedalla's Boabdil had crossed the Pyrenees and swept through France, creating a Moorish Europe. Might there be mosques in Manchester today?

■ John Skow

Sound of No Bell Ringing

BEAUTY AND SADNESS

by YASUNARI KAWABATA

Translated by HOWARD HIBBETT

206 pages, Knopf, \$7.95.

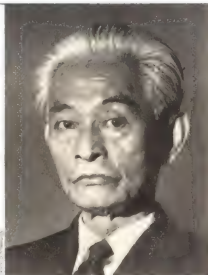
Yasunari Kawabata's last novel is a consummately skillful arrangement of space and stillness, a brush drawing of love and vengeance not ultimately convincing, but perhaps ultimately not meant to convince. Yet the novel's measure is that its most fascinating feature may be the face of the writer bleakly regarding the reader from the dust jacket. Scraps of knowledge help: Kawabata, the author of *Thousand Cranes* and *The Master of Go*, won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1968; he wrote no novel after this one; he killed himself at age 72 in 1972. The jacket photograph obviously was made toward the end of his life: the face is unamused, undeluded, intelligent

The eyes are open wide, the pupils dilated and vulnerable.

Kawabata's face is that of a man who has indeed reached an ending, and speculation, though idle, is unavoidable. In what seems to be the only unguarded paragraph in the book, Kawabata's hero, a middle-aged writer, wryly asks his wife the proper retirement age for a novelist. The novel itself is an answer: it is time to stop writing when there is nothing left but professionalism.

Without a misstep or a false line, the author ensnares his writer protagonist Oki Toshio in an old love. Without quite admitting to himself why he is making the trip, the hero journeys alone from Tokyo to Kyoto to hear the temple bells ring in the new year. In this city of shrines lives Otoko, with whom he had had a passionate affair 20 years earlier. She was a schoolgirl and he a young married man, and a child was stillborn from their love. For a time Otoko's grief unbalanced her. Toshio did not see her again, but his first novel, which idealized their love, became a bestseller and in fact still supports the author, his wife, and their grown son.

Otoko has become a successful artist. Toshio knows, and when the two meet again, as of course they must, she brings with her a beautiful art student named Keiko. It is clear that Otoko still has deep feelings for Toshio. It is also clear that she and Keiko share a lesbian



KAWABATA IN JACKET PHOTO

A master of stop?

love. And before long it is obvious that Keiko has come to like very much the dismay she causes when she is capriciously cruel. She sets out, giggling, to seduce Toshio and to ruin his son. What is unsatisfactory about this is not that it rings false, but that it does not ring at all. The final appalling scene is meant to strike a gong, but there is no resonance, no reverberation. The characters and their pain disappear from the mind with the turn of the last page.

■ J.S.

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A Dangerous Curve

Merely being able to look back over her shoulder brings great satisfaction to Debra Tietz, 19, a beautician in Cottage Grove, Minn. For nearly seven years, she could not bend her neck or back; her torso was held rigid from the chin to the pelvis by a cumbersome steel and leather brace. Debra was the victim of scoliosis, or abnormal curvature of the spine. The brace, which she was finally able to discard last year, not only straightened her back but may well have saved her life.

Scoliosis (from the Greek for crooked), in varying degrees of severity, occurs in about 2% of the U.S. population. It strikes in childhood, five times more often among adolescents girls than

boys. Most cases are classified by doctors as idiopathic, meaning that the causes are unknown. But the symptoms are all too familiar. Scoliosis is a progressive disease; without treatment, the curvature may become worse as a youngster grows older, disfiguring him with a hunched back. Eventually, the increasing curvature can distort the vital organs within the chest cavity and produce conditions that may cause death in young adulthood.

Directing Growth. Until about ten years ago, scoliosis was not usually diagnosed until it was far advanced; even when it was recognized early, doctors could do little to alleviate it. Indeed, many merely prescribed corrective shoes to help relieve the condition. But new methods of detection and treatment have now greatly improved the prospects of scoliosis victims. A major advance has been the development of mass-testing procedures for use in the schools. Delaware, through a program involving the Alfred I. du Pont Institute and the state board of health, routinely checks schoolchildren with a simple test: the youngsters are asked to bend at the waist and touch their knees with their fingertips; a curvature will usually produce a visible fullness on one side of the rib cage or the other. In most Minnesota schools, nurses and physical education teachers regularly check youngsters in the fifth through tenth grades. Testing is also routinely conducted in Downey, Calif., and a program is being proposed for elementary schools in New York's Nassau County.

For about 75% of all scoliosis victims, some form of corrective device—usually a Milwaukee[®] brace—is prescribed. The brace consists of a girdle that fits around the hips and three vertical bars that attach at the top to a neck ring and throat mold. Early models—made of leather and steel, and quite heavy—have given way to lightweight aluminum-and-plastic versions that are still neither attractive nor comfortable. But they do work, redirecting the growth of the spine to help it to grow straight. "Shoe lifts and exercises alone are not proper treatment for progressive scoliosis," says Dr. David B. Levine of New York City's Hospital for Special Surgery and one of the country's leading authorities on the disease. "But in most cases, the brace is."

Instant Growth. In more advanced cases, surgery is necessary. The most common operation for scoliosis was developed about ten years ago by Houston's Dr. Paul Harrington, and is now performed on about 80% of all patients requiring surgery. Doctors implant thin steel rods next to the spine, placing them over the bone and under the back muscles. The rods, which are attached to the vertebrae with metal hooks, are then tightened—much like a set of orthodontic braces—to force the spine to straighten. At the same time, the spine is fused to give it additional strength. Patients who undergo surgery must spend up to four weeks in the hospital and as long as ten months in a body cast.

But the technique can produce spectacular results. Wendy Clifford, 16, of Minneapolis, literally grew two inches on the operating table as doctors used a Harrington rod to straighten her crooked spine. "I'm glad I had it done," she says. "The doctors told me that by the time I was 30 I would have been completely crippled."

Scoliosis patients whose spines can be straightened by braces can usually live relatively normal lives even while under treatment. Those requiring sur-

*Developed in Milwaukee in 1946 by Drs. Walter Blount and Albert Schmidt.



LAURIE LACROSSE IN TOURNAMENT
From chin to pelvis.

gical correction can recover quickly. Some come out of the operations with stronger spines than before. One of Levine's patients, a 15-year-old girl, was struck by a car 18 months after her operation. The accident produced multiple fractures of her arms, broke a thighbone and left her with a plethora of bruises. But the girl's spine remained intact.

Others who undergo scoliosis surgery lose no time resuming their activities. Women can have normal pregnancies a year or two after surgery; youngsters can be back on the playing fields only a few months after leaving the hospital. Laurie Lacrosse, 17, of Grand Forks, N. Dak., was so determined to play in the North Dakota State Tennis Tournament that she entered six weeks after her operation. Playing in a body cast, she made it to the finals before losing to the state champion.

Pistol Shooter's Peril

Everyone knows that it is dangerous to be in front of a loaded gun. Health authorities in Georgia report that being behind the gun can also be risky. Three De Kalb County police instructors were found during a routine screening to have dangerously high levels of lead in their blood—enough to cause brain damage and other serious effects. The three men had something else in common: they taught marksmanship at an indoor range, each firing 200 or more rounds a day. Puzzled doctors checked the airborne lead levels in the range and found that they stood at zero before the shooting started each day. But the readings rose after only 16 minutes of firing to more than 3 mg. per cubic meter of air. This is 20 times the accepted safe limit, and high enough to make continued pistol shooting under such conditions nearly as damaging to the shooter as it is to his target.



FITTING MILWAUKEE BRACE
Uncomfortable but effective.

boys. Most cases are classified by doctors as idiopathic, meaning that the causes are unknown. But the symptoms are all too familiar. Scoliosis is a progressive disease; without treatment, the curvature may become worse as a youngster grows older, disfiguring him with a hunched back. Eventually, the increasing curvature can distort the vital organs within the chest cavity and produce conditions that may cause death in young adulthood.

Directing Growth. Until about ten years ago, scoliosis was not usually diagnosed until it was far advanced; even when it was recognized early, doctors could do little to alleviate it. Indeed, many merely prescribed corrective shoes to help relieve the condition. But new methods of detection and treatment have now greatly improved the prospects of scoliosis victims. A major ad-

Setback for Abortion

As a doctor, Kenneth Edelin, 36, has spent his career at Boston City Hospital attempting to preserve and prolong lives. Last week he was convicted of taking one. After seven hours of deliberation, a superior court jury of nine men and three women in Boston found him guilty of manslaughter in the death of a fetus that he had aborted. As a result of the verdict, the popular obstetrician faces a prison sentence of up to 20 years. If the decision is upheld on appeal and if it is accepted as valid precedent by other courts, many women around the country will be unable to obtain late-term abortions.

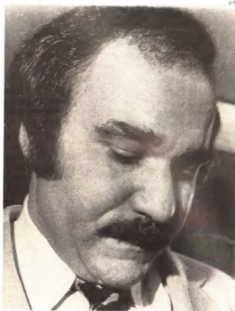
No one questioned the legality of the abortion, which Edelin (TIME, May 27) performed in October 1973. The operation took place after the U.S. Supreme Court had struck down most state abortion laws and well before the Massachusetts legislature enacted a new set of regulations that outlaw abortions after the 24th week. At issue were Edelin's actions during and immediately after the operation. The prosecution charged that the male fetus, which Edelin had estimated to be 20 to 22 weeks along, was in fact older and thus capable of survival outside the womb. Once the abortion had been completed, said the district attorney's office, Edelin had an obligation to keep the fetus alive. By failing to do so, it maintained, he had caused a baby's death and was guilty of manslaughter.

The six weeks of the trial brought out widely differing views about when a fetus becomes viable (capable of independent life outside the womb), as well as conflicting answers to the question of whether—and if so, when—a fetus becomes a person. The defense argued that the death of the fetus is implicit in any abortion; the prosecution charged that abortion means only the termination of pregnancy and does not necessarily imply the death of the fetus as well. Conflicting evidence was presented on whether the fetus involved in the specific abortion was viable. Dr. John B. Ward, a Pittsburgh pathologist, testified for the prosecution that his post-mortem examination had revealed that the fetus had breathed and that the unborn infant, which weighed 700 grams (1 lb. 8 oz.), could have survived. Defense witnesses said that the fetus had not in fact breathed; on Edelin's behalf, some medical experts testified that fetuses weighing less than 1,000 grams (2 lbs. 3 oz.) rarely, if ever survive.

A former Boston City Hospital resident, Dr. Enrique Gimenez-Jimeno,

testified for the prosecution that he had watched as Edelin held the aborted fetus inside the patient's uterus and counted off three minutes by the operating-room clock. His credibility—and that of the prosecution—was not helped when Defense Attorney William Homans Jr. showed, first, that Edelin would have had to turn away from the operating table to see the clock and, second, that even if he had turned, he could not have seen the clock on the day of the abortion. It had been removed for repairs.

Enormous Implications. Because of such conflicts, many observers expected the trial to end in Edelin's acquittal. The verdict, which stunned the



DR. KENNETH EDELIN AFTER TRIAL
A verdict with enormous implications.

courtroom and which Edelin will appeal, thus breaks new ground in the continuing debate concerning abortion. By finding him guilty of manslaughter, the jury decided, in effect, that a fetus approaching viability is a person and, as such, is entitled to the full protection of the law.

The implications of this ruling are enormous. Doctors will probably continue to perform early abortions when there is no question about a fetus' inability to survive outside the womb. But, fearful of sharing Edelin's fate, they may be less likely to take a chance on late-term abortions. The Boston decision is likely to please anti-abortionists, who have been trying for nearly two years to overturn or circumvent the Supreme Court's decision. But it may well work untold hardship for thousands of unhappy pregnant women, who may now find that although late abortions are technically legal in most states, few doctors are willing to perform them.

THE THEATER

All in Aught

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST
by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The Royal Shakespeare Company is one of the glories of the English-speaking stage. It is a touchstone troupe whose productions linger in the mind as definitive. In its brief two-month stay at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the R.S.C. is presenting three works, a little-known Maxim Gorky play called *Summerfolk*, a shortened version of *King Lear*, and an infrequently performed Shakespeare play, *Love's Labor's Lost*. Here is proof, once again, of the company's complete artistic mastery.

Love's Labor's Lost is an early comedy in which Shakespeare frolics with words. Sometimes they seem deliberately designed to be mockingly pedantic, zestful in excess. Then suddenly the master of language will yoke his dramatic poetry like a chariot to the sun.

Sylvan Scene. The plot is wafer-thin. It centers on the idea (a recurring one in Shakespeare) of nobles renouncing the splendor, gaiety and fleshly corruption of the court for a quasi-religious retreat amid the guileless innocence of the countryside. The King of Navarre (David Suchet) proposes to his three attendant lords, Longaville (Robert Ashby), Dumaine (Michael Ensign) and Berowne (Ian Richardson), that they form "a little academe." They pledge to meditate, study, fast, and forswear women. This pledge is scarcely uttered when four devilishly distracting ladies appear on the sylvan scene.

They are the Princess of France (Susan Fleetwood) and her ladies-in-waiting, Maria (Lynette Davies), Katherine (Janet Chappell) and Rosaline (Estelle Kohler). In no time the lordly abstainers are meditating only on their ladies' beauty and studying how to sneak love letters to them. Irony outraces irony, and the jollity is compounded by a covey of curates, schoolmasters and clowns. The R.S.C. invests the evening with lyricism, ardor and joy. In a superbly articulated performance (no surprise from one of the finest actors alive), Ian Richardson as Berowne sums up Shakespeare's conviction that all utopian dreams run afoul of human needs, desires and nature, and that life is the tutor of words, not words the master of life:

*From men's eyes this doctrine I
derive:
They sparkle still the right
Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the
academes,
That show, contain and nourish all
the world.
Else none at all in aught proves
excellent.*

■ T.E. Kolem

Creative Answering

"Just leave a name and number that I can call.
Or a message or anything at all.
There ain't no frustration
Like no conversation... Ba da dah!"

That recorded message, backed by a bluesy jive, greets anyone who phones Boston-based Singer Ralph Graham when he is not at home. A call to the Manhattan apartment of Warren Farrell, a spokesman for the men's liberation movement, evokes the answer: "Hi, this is Warren and Ursie's answering machine. They are out right now and I'm kind of lonely. Would you let your voice fall on my tape?" Country Religious Singer Kenneth Medema uses fully orchestrated background tracks from his recordings with lyrics modified to regale callers.

Tiger Snarls. Not content with the routine ("Jim Jones is not at home. At the signal, please leave your name, number and message. *Beep*"), increasing numbers of Americans are loading their telephone answering devices with creative and amusing greetings, often in verse and music. Electronic answering has become not only a fad but something of an art form.

Spokane, Wash., callers with clogged drains are met with a message from Reginald the plumber: "If you have a plumbing problem, please write down the nature of your problem and mail it to me. If this is an emergency, write 'Rush' on the letter. All letters will be judged on the basis of neatness and originality." Manhattan Psychiatrist Edward Hornick's electronic surrogate greets the caller with "Shrink, Inc."

Some of the more innovative answering-machine users are massage parlors and "rap" studios. In its recorded message the Blue Orchid Studio of Kansas City, Mo., gets right to the point. "Hi," says a seductive, girlish voice. "Would you be interested in my warm, nude body?" One New York City resident, worried by a rash of break-ins in his neighborhood, finally added the following warning to his automatic phone greeting: "If you're a burglar and think that you can come over while I'm out, listen to this: [recorded tiger snarls and lion roars]."

It sometimes does not pay to be too clever with answering devices. Boston Piano Player Randy Klein, who backs up Singer Graham, was moved to record a more conventional greeting after his ragtime ditty began drawing 300 calls per day. Graham is also deluged with calls. "People call from New York just to listen," he says. "It genuinely gives them joy." Author Robert Rimmer's (*Thursday, My Love*) phone rang almost continuously when word got around that his machine read back a passage from his book.

For those who are less creative, Pianist Klein is setting up a company to sell prerecorded answering tapes that will respond to callers with anything from no-nonsense direct greetings to 16-track orchestrated production numbers with voice-overs. Says Klein: "Answering machines make people uptight. Maybe our tapes will make life a little easier for them."

Cooking with Kerr

Escoffier he is not. And no one could compare him to the organized Julia Child. But the Galloping Gourmet, who first roistered onto U.S. TV screens in 1969, charmed and instructed large audiences with his intentionally maladroit preparation of elegant food, claret-nipping and well-staged cocky capers. After a three-year sabbatical from television—caused by a near-fatal driving accident—Graham Kerr (rhymes with rare) is back on the tube, this time at a canter. Now, skipping *foie gras*, fondue and farce, Kerr has a basic, economy-oriented series of five-minute segments called *Take Kerr*, on view daily throughout Canada and 55 U.S. cities, that concentrates on such dishes as—well, would you believe cabbage surprise?

This time around, Kerr aims at teaching viewers to eat better for less. "I'd like to recommend a list of four priorities for eating better," says the recycled Gourmet. "We must concentrate on the emotions, the sciences, the economy and time. Whatever we prepare must look good, taste good, smell good and save money without making the home cook a house slave."

One of Kerr's demonstrations is

PHOTOGRAPH BY GORDON



KERR IN THE KITCHEN
New switched-on methods.

called "Save the Green," a simple technique in which two different dishes can be made from one bunch of broccoli. Another shows a workable method of skinning tomatoes, which he adds to a "simple white sauce for a fish fillet, making an economical and nutritious dish." For kitchen weepers, he presents a way of cutting onions without expending a tear. Some forthcoming Graham goodies include a curdle cure for hollandaise and a technique for cutting hamburger shrinkage by folding an ice cube frozen with soy sauce into the middle of a patty. Other Kerr culinary clues include tips on deep frying, the "nonstick pancake," selecting a minute steak that costs only a few cents more per serving than hamburger, and how to skin a fish.

Catering Advisory. Though he used to come across as more showman than chef, Graham Kerr has a lifelong journeyman's background in the delegation of diners. Son of a London hotelkeeper, he started helping in the kitchen at six, studied hotel management in England, ran a 15th century coaching inn with his actress-wife Treena (now his producer), then moved Down Under, where he served as chief catering adviser for the Royal New Zealand Air Force. He later began extolling eating on radio and TV, first in Australia and then in Canada. He now teaches at Cornell University's renowned school of hotel administration.

In his new kitchen incarnation, Kerr calls his five-minute spots "transistors." As he explains, "I take the tired culinary techniques and replace them with new, sparkling, switched-on methods." Kerr's new format for TV switches could be described the same way.



... something of an art form.

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Traditionally smooth. Untraditionally priced.

You can buy a more expensive Canadian, but not a smoother one.

Windsor. A rare breed of Canadian.

In times like these, it makes even more sense to choose a Zenith. For 6 good reasons.



Left: The Cézarine, model SF 2569P. Right: The Daumer, model SF 1750R. Simulated TV picture.

These days, you're probably more determined than ever to make sure you're getting your money's worth.

That's why the things that have made a Zenith color TV such a good value are even more important today.

1. Fewest repairs.

A leading research organization asked independent TV service technicians from coast to coast which color TV needed

fewest repairs. For the third straight year, they named Zenith, by more than 2 to 1 over the next brand.

And whether you buy a giant-screen console or compact portable, today's Zenith solid-state Chromacolor II brings you several important features designed to give you years of good, dependable service.

Zenith has ever built, for a brighter, sharper picture. Modular solid-state design keeps it running cool so it lasts longer, makes service easier if it's needed.

And Zenith's patented Power Sentry voltage-regulating system protects components against household voltage variations you can't even see.

3. Saves energy.

Many color sets, 3 or more years old, use about as much power as five 75-watt light bulbs. Chromacolor II actually uses less power than you'd need to light just two of the same bulbs.

The money you save won't pay for your new Zenith. But it'll help.

4. Best picture.

The heart of the Chromacolor II system is Zenith's patented Chromacolor picture tube, with a level of brightness, contrast, and sharp detail that set a new standard for the TV industry. Which may be one reason why independent TV service technicians name Zenith, more

than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

5. Owner satisfaction.

For a lot of people, though, the best reason for choosing a Zenith is also the simplest.

They already know Zenith quality because they already own a Zenith.

Fact is, in another recent nationwide

survey, more Zenith color TV owners said they'd buy the same brand again than did the owners of any other brand.

And that, we think, says more about the way we build things than anything else.

6. We built it.

We back it.

We're proud of our record of building dependable, quality products. But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you want details of our surveys—write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 North Austin Avenue, Chicago, IL 60639.

He'll see that your request gets personal attention. And in times like these, that means something, too.

Question: If you were buying another color TV today, would you buy the same brand you bought before?

Answers:	
Zenith	82%
Brand A	70%
Brand B	69%
Brand C	66%
Brand D	63%
Brand E	56%
Brand F	51%
Brand G	49%
Brand H	49%
Brand I	47%
Other Brands	45%

Question: In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:	
Zenith	34%
Brand A	15%
Brand B	11%
Brand C	7%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	16%
Don't Know	9%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.

2. 100% solid-state reliability.

Built into every Chromacolor II set is a rugged 100% solid-state chassis. The most powerful chassis



ZENITH

SOLID STATE CHROMACOLOR II

The quality goes in before the name goes on.*